THE JURISPRUDENCE OF SECURITY

July 6, 1954 25c

Union 'Risks' (page 14)

The Reporter

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Memo *from*

Max Ascoli

To WORLD magazine's subscribers

As you know, WORLD has suspended publication, and for the balance of your subscription to that magazine you will receive THE REPORTER. We hope that acquaintance with our kind of journalism will lead you to become REPORTER addicts.

There are quite a few of these REPORTER addicts throughout the United States and abroad, and their numbers have been growing steadily since we started publishing five years ago. To say it with figures, our magazine had a circulation of 24,000 in January, 1952; it grew to 55,000 by July of the same year after we ran the China Lobby series you may have heard about; by the autumn of 1953, our average circulation was 84,000. Now we are well over 100,000.

The secret of our growth has been an unflagging confidence in the intellectual and moral caliber of the American reader, which we think has been constantly underestimated by leaders of opinion and purveyors of information. Because of this confidence and the measure of success we have had so far, we are convinced that the number of readers who find THE REPORTER their magazine is destined to grow steadily and fast.

The basic idea of THE REPORTER is that this nation of ours is in the business of world leadership for keeps. This is why we try to give equally intensive coverage to events at home and abroad. The interrelation between what is called "domestic" and what is called "foreign" has become so profound that domestic American problems deeply affect foreign nations, just as events in far-away lands—in Indo-China or Kenya—vitally influence our nation's welfare.

THE REPORTER invariably tries to be objective and factual, particularly when it hits, and hits hard, demagogues and trouble-makers—in the U. S. Senate or in the Kremlin.

We welcome you into the community of REPORTER readers—a community held together by intense concern for both the future of our country and the cause of freedom.

Editor and Publisher

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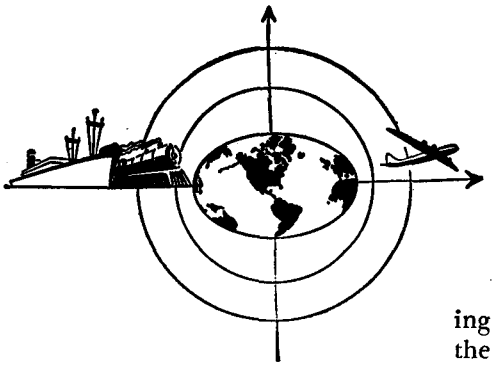

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Gratuitous Defeat

What makes the present plight of our nation's foreign policy so exasperating is the fact that it could have been easily avoided. The ghosts of Hitler and of Mussolini played a dominant role in the evolution of our diplomacy and strategy in the first five years after the end of the war. Those two got all they wanted up to the time when the Second World War started, and the Second World War started just because the two had become used to thinking they could get all they wanted. But this time, faced by the Communist danger, the democracies knew better, and of all the democracies, the one that knew best was ours.

Wherever the Kremlin moved to upset the status quo, we counteracted. An end was put to the phony civil war in Greece. The airlift broke the Berlin blockade. Some of these counteractions were of a splendidly imaginative nature and went far beyond the enemy's capacity for retaliation—as witness the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic alliance.

When the Communists attacked in Korea, America's answer was immediate and glorious. Our armies, with the co-operation of the Allies, even succeeded in regaining the offensive after a smashing defeat, and the enemy was pushed back to the 38th parallel. Once more, our nation had taught an enemy that aggression does not pay.

And then somehow, about a couple of years before the Republicans came to power, we started unlearning the lesson we had taught. We might have forced the hand of our French ally and brought the crisis of Indo-China within the jurisdiction of the U.N., after having guaranteed through the U.N. the complete independence of the Indo-Chinese people; we might have negotiated with Red China a political and military settlement in Indo-China and linked it with an armistice and peace in Korea. We might have "packaged" the two wars, taking full advantage of the fact that in Korea we were strong and could inflict a heavy toll on the enemy. But this, of course, would have implied political negotiation with, and some kind of recognition of, Red China. Perish the thought.

So the Korean conflict, together with the Panmunjom parleys, dragged on and on—a truncated, somewhat incongruous sector of the Asian front where we did not choose to extend the war and did not choose to make peace. Finally, in December, 1952, President-elect Eisenhower went to Korea and seven months later the armistice was signed—a sterilized, strictly local armistice that couldn't easily develop into something like a Far Eastern peace.

Our foreign policy had been greatly hampered by Republican attacks during the last two years of the Truman Administration. But when the Republicans acquired formal power, the conduct of our foreign affairs became characterized by an unprecedented verbal exuberance. If the Democratic Administration, on its last lap, had been rather barren of results, the Republicans covered up the same barrenness with a tropical outgrowth of plans—radical, widely publicized plans.

At the present time, there is even a discussion of a preventive war. Of course there is nothing on earth more absurd, for nothing could go more against the grain of the American people. Yet such talks go on and on, one great or small debate after another, frequently several at the same time, with the highest military and civilian leaders contradicting each other and many of them contradicting themselves.

It is bad enough for the democracies to have to lose Indo-China, or at least a big part of it. But thanks to the Republican Administration we have also lost the atomic war over Indo-China that our nation has never fought—except in words.

Below the Belt

It's part of our job as magazine editors to read a lot—in fact, too much for what our eyes and a judicious use of our time can afford. But we feel that we have to, and so we plod through the most uncongenial publications, *Freeman*, the *Daily Worker*, *Human Events*, and the rest. It is part of our duty to see what goes on in the minds of the people with whom we agree the least.

As a result, we are not easily shocked. But sometimes it happens that we stumble onto something which gives us a sick feeling.

A few days ago we read in the lead article in *Time* magazine that there is something in common between Oppenheimer and McCarthy: "the tendency of each man to put his own judgment above the law."

Having read the story, we had to stop and go out and get some fresh air. Because—we say it again—we are inured to this hard job of reading all kinds of stuff. But seldom is it that obscene.

The Kohlberg Report

We first ran across Mr. Alfred Kohlberg when we were preparing our articles on the China Lobby a couple of years back, and we have always liked him because he is the only self-avowed reactionary we know who has a sense of humor. Mr. K.

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has recently returned from a twenty-five-day Grand Tour of Europe with some inside information for his friend Joe McCarthy. His report, facetiously entitled "Neo-Nazi Seizure of Power in America," contains the astonishing conclusion that a number of Europeans don't care much for the Wisconsin Senator.

Needless to say, this "campaign of calumny" which is "being used in Europe to destroy the reputation and prestige of the United States" is being fostered by our diplomats: "In both Paris and London, persons whose identity I cannot hint at, but who were in a position to know, advised me that considerable sections of our diplomatic representation also believe that McCarthy heads a fascist or neo-Nazi movement of very great strength."

But Mr. K. throws the lie in the teeth of the cookie pushers with proof positive to the contrary: ". . . If McCarthy were a rising Hitler, he was at least a type unknown in Europe because in opposing the gentlemanly anti-semitism current in all armed forces he was protecting two young Jews against the Army. I found nobody in Europe who had the least inkling that Cohn and Schine were Jews."

What could be simpler? Since McCarthy had two Jews on his staff, he couldn't be anti-Semitic, and therefore he must be dandy.

All this unpleasantness could have been avoided if McCarthy had only *told* somebody that Cohn and Schine were Jews. All the Cohns and Schines we know are Irishmen.

The Wailing Wall

Whenever a French Government falls, the mourners' row at the Wailing Wall crowds up—our commentators, who say that France is finished.

It is difficult at this point, yet vitally necessary, to look beyond the squalid parliamentary circus at the true strength of a nation that is America's indispensable ally.

In the past year, the French have demonstrated a remarkable—and largely unreported—new vitality and strength in every aspect of life but the political. For the first time in fifteen years, the French economy is running smoothly as production rises, prices fall, and real wages go up. France's currency is stable, the black market in gold almost vanished. Its industry is running seven per cent ahead of last year's all-time high. The much-criticized French miner has outstripped all other European miners in productivity. After seven years of neglect, a beginning is being made on the housing problem. Internally the French Communist Party has reached a postwar low, down from one million at its peak to 350,000 now. Meanwhile, too, the French have put up more troops for the defense of western Europe than anyone else, and suffered more killed fighting Communists in Indo-China than America suffered proportionately in Korea.

All these positive phenomena have been blighted by the inability of the French to express their political purpose through an executive free to act. We in America are faced with a similar parliamentary anarchy in the absence of clear leadership. But there is no more reason to despair of France than there is to despair of ourselves.

Theirs Not to Reason Why

Mr. O. R. Strackbein, chief of the high-tariff lobby, recently sent around to several members of the House of Representatives a bill designed to make it even more difficult to import foreign goods.

He considerately left one section of the bill blank so that each Congressman could fill in the names of things his constituents make.

Sixteen Congressmen dutifully introduced this bill or variations of it, and it was duly printed sixteen times over, with numbers ranging from H.R. 9159 to H.R. 9369. Four of the Congressmen were so cooperative that they didn't even bother to fill in the blanks. The official versions of these four bills carry an identical Section 376 reading this way:

"(a) Existence of import injury is hereby declared to exist with regard to . . . industries producing—

"(i) (article or commodity to be named);

"(ii) (article or commodity to be named);

"(iii) (article or commodity to be named);

"(iv) (article or commodity to be named);

"(v) and so forth, and so forth, by reason of the importation of excessively large quantities of imported articles competitive with the foregoing domestic articles."

We asked one Congressman's assistant to explain Section 376 of his bill. "You know," she confided, "this business is so complicated. And Mr. Strackbein is an authority."

OUTWARD BOUND?

The second Mayflower waits. But now her bow
Points eastward. The tides are running, the
hour of sailing near.
Who are her passengers? The best of us,
The men of conscience, looking for a new world
Free from oppression, where error is no sin,
Compassion no crime, diversity good. The land
they love
Has become too small for them. They cannot
breathe,
Act, dream, attempt without the indicting mob;
They die for air. Who are these men?
Scientists, poets, statesmen, teachers of others,
Geniuses. The gentle and brave,
Conformity's enemies. Here now is one:
Slight, grave, with wide eyes and a wider mind,
Judged by the insecure a risk. Wave him farewell—
Under duress he leaves; grieving he boards.
He loved this land. Wave him farewell, Americans,
Him and the others. No! No! Quick, call them back,
Cancel the sailing! Shatter this dreadful dream
While it is dream! They might yet save us all.

—SEC

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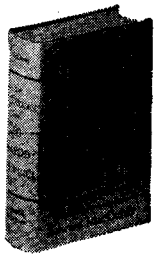

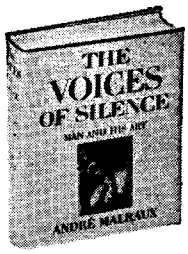

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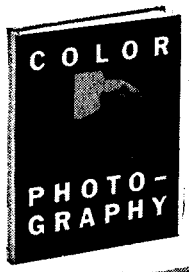

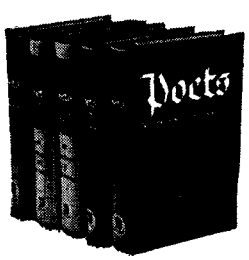

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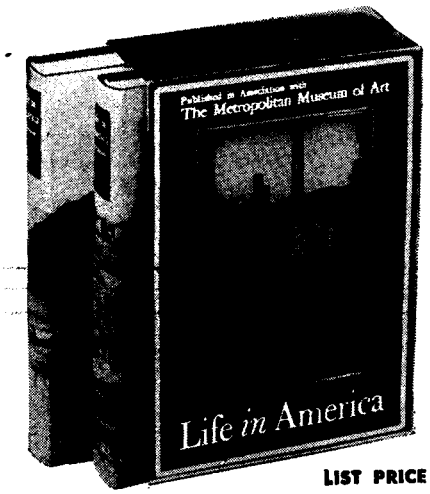

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MAX ASCOLI interrupts his series of editorials on "Needed: A Coalition Government" because of the pressing importance of the issues involved in the Oppenheimer case. Anglo-Saxon common law has been one of our proudest achievements. We are informed now of its obsolescence. R. W. Scott McLeod, the Security Administrator in the Department of State, says that the common law is impotent to determine the security needs of our country: "The common error is to feel that there is some analogy between the security-integrity system and the judicial system. That's not at all true." The new system, which breaks from all our past, has found its first codification in the security case of Robert Oppenheimer. It does not apply to government employees only; it applies to all citizens.

Proof is available. Already the new security requirements affect schoolteachers — and many others. All of us are threatened. **John Warner,** a labor expert of national experience, tells how industrial workers are affected by the security regulations. **Victor Boesen,** a free-lance writer, reports the story told to him by a California schoolteacher.

The history of security regulations from the days of the Dies Committee until today is told by a man who is both qualified to tell it and free to do so. **Benjamin Ginzburg** worked for the government for fourteen years. His career in government ended when the agency for which he worked was disbanded last year.

WE ARE PROUD to have an article on recognition by a man who is the greatest authority on the subject. **Philip Jessup,** Columbia University law professor and former United States Ambassador at Large, has represented the U.S. in many diplomatic negotiations. Sometimes, as when he negotiated an end to the Berlin blockade with Jacob Malik, he had a success that must seem enviable to those who deal with the same Communist diplomats today.

Until recently **Frank Oliver** was a representative of the (British) Kemsley newspapers. He wrote his article on Indonesia after an on-the-spot investigation of the dilemma faced by the overseas Chinese there.

Today's worry about Asia should not distract us from Europe. **Charles W. Thayer,** long a senior United States diplomatic official in Germany and the Soviet Union and now retired from government service, reports on the German Socialists. Rarely has a political party had so much reason to search its soul.

A MAN has to live, and the blood bank is one way by which lost men in great cities can manage a living. **Poyntz Tyler** has worked for the Richmond *News-Leader* and the Fredericksburg *Free Lance-Star,* and has contributed to the *New Yorker* and *Town and Country.*

Goddard Lieberson, Executive Vice-President of Columbia Records, Inc., is represented in this issue by the second in his series of intermission broadcasts on music made last season for the Philadelphia Orchestra. His present contribution may disquiet professional musical historians. We hope it does.

When Jules Verne wrote his ingenious books about a future that in many respects has already reached us, all the scientific inventions he foresaw were thought of as contributing to man's happiness and freedom. The Utopias envisioned by our contemporaries have a common characteristic: They are full of scientific inventions and dismally bereft of either happiness or freedom. **Karl Meyer,** who is now completing his doctoral dissertation on Wisconsin politics—what a subject!—at Princeton University, where he is a Proctor Fellow, reviews the unhappy lot.

A new book by Gilbert Highet, a Columbia professor who is well known as a radio commentator on literature, is reviewed by a colleague at Columbia, the historian **Henry Steele Commager.**

OUR COVER, representing a steel-town hillside at a moment when it is not entirely obscured by smog, is by our Art Editor, **Reg Massie.**

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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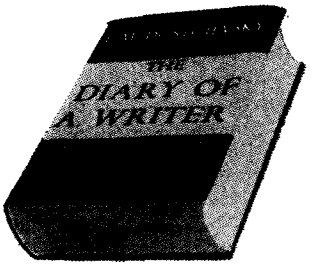
Dostoievsky's self portrait—the heart and the mind of a great human being



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CORRESPONDENCE

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

To the Editor: Al Newman's review of Albert Kesselring's memoirs (*The Reporter*, June 22) was a masterpiece of irony and restrained indignation. There is, indeed, hardly a more biting example of the metamorphosis from war criminal to cold war hero than the life of this Nazi Feldmarschall who ten years ago slaughtered four hundred innocent men and women near Rome.

Mr. Newman could have added that the day the British freed Kesselring in 1950 he was elected president of the newly revived supernationalistic war-veteran organization Stahlhelm, which paved the way for Hitler and the rearming of Germany twenty-five years ago.

Kesselring was released from prison because, at least so the occupation authorities asserted, he was dying of cancer. Since then, he has enjoyed the best of health and travels around Germany and Austria meeting with cronies and busily organizing the new *Wehrgeist*.

Lately, the Command of the U.S. Air Force in Germany invited him (and others of his sort) respectfully to have a look at jets and other top-secret installations—and was apparently deeply impressed when he consented to accept.

Last but not least, Kesselring is giving the War Office in Bonn his expert advice on how to build up the new German—pardon me—"European" army.

HEINZ POL
American Correspondent
Frankfurter Rundschau

AN EASY WAY OUT

To the Editor: Dwight Macdonald's articles on lie detectors (*The Reporter*, June 8 and 22) were timed beautifully with Senator McCarthy's outburst at the hearings. The Senator undoubtedly knows how limited such devices can be in obtaining admissible evidence, but I'll bet he is even more aware of the gullibility of his followers, many of whom will accept this latest challenge by Capitol Hill's Dick Tracy as a good idea for settling the whole hearing.

J. W. FOGARTY
Kansas City, Missouri

WHO COULD IT BE?

To the Editor: In the fifth century B.C. the great historian Thucydides wrote the following passage, which seems peculiarly appropriate to our own time:

"The customary meaning of words was arbitrarily distorted to cover the conduct of those who employed them. Reckless irresponsibility was treated as courageous loyalty, cautious reserve as cowardice masked under a high-sounding name, restraint as a cloak for poor-spiritedness, and the policy of reason as a policy of *laissez-faire*. A frenzied fanaticism was the popular ideal of conduct, while intrigue that took no risks was regarded as a legitimate method of self-defense. Violence of feeling was a warrant of honesty, deprecation of violence a signal for suspicion. Success in intrigue was the test of intelligence and the detection of intrigue a testimonial to superior cleverness, while anyone who so shaped his policy as to dispense with such methods was pilloried as a nihilist toward his own group and a weakling in the face of his opponents. . . .

"The cause of this whole phenomenon was the thirst for power arising from the predatory and competitive impulses—impulses which engender conflict, from which passion is engendered in its turn . . . the party leaders invented high-sounding catchwords and posed as the champions of political equality for the masses or of moderate conservation, in order to make spoils out of the public interest which they served with their lips."

HAROLD E. SCOTT
Takoma Park, Maryland

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

To the Editor: Ever since I have been reading *The Reporter* I have been intending to congratulate you on the beautiful format of the magazine.

As an "egghead," I am, of course, delighted with the editorial content of *The Reporter*, but as an artist I appreciate the covers and the wonderful "spots" even more than the content. Outside of the straight art magazines, yours, I believe, is the most beautiful periodical published in the United States.

JEAN LAPINER
Los Angeles

A LOOK AT THE RECORD

To the Editor: The late Führer himself, not to mention his counterpart in the United States Senate, never authored a more outrageous lie than that perpetrated by the six Congressmen who said that Franco Spain won a victory over Communist aggression (*The Reporter's* "Notes," June 8). Those who would heed Mark Twain's advice to historians, "When in doubt, fall back on the truth," will, I hope, look at the record: In 1931 Spain, without bloodshed, voted itself a Republic. The King departed; a constitution was drawn up; a President and a unicameral Parliament were elected.

But though the Spanish Republic was legitimately born, it was, like our own at first, an untutored infant whose parents did not see eye to eye about the way it should go. One Spaniard, General Franco, not only rejected the child; he sought to destroy it by plunging his country into a civil war. Some eighty per cent of the Spanish people rallied to the defense of their Republic and fought for it with passion, idealism, and a kind of poetic purity. The fervor, the devoutness, the sense of hope among the poorest people reminded one eyewitness of the crowds described in the New Testament.

But it did not remain a purely Spanish conflict. Hitler and Mussolini intervened to save their fellow dictator from defeat; and Russia, for reasons best known to itself, sent aid to the Republic. While, to our shame, the governments of England, France, and America passed by on the other side, young idealists from those democracies and other countries recognized the Loyalist cause as their own and flocked to Spain, enrolling in the International Brigade. Five of the best young English writers, says one of their compatriots, gave their lives.

Unfortunately for the cause of Spanish freedom, the Communists got control of the Brigade, concentrating into their hands all power over the mixed democratic elements from which it was recruited, smearing with slander the anti-Communist Republicans, and seeking to impose their deadening uniformity upon the incorrigibly individualistic Spaniards. A Spanish corps commander once said, "We had a good enough cause to have been able to afford to tell the truth."

When Russia tells those it seeks to conquer that Communism is the true democracy, we are quick to throw the lie in its teeth. When touring Congressmen tell us that the defenders of the Spanish Republic were Communist aggressors, can we not likewise refute their lie?

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD
Hingham, Massachusetts

TRYING TO 'GO STRAIGHT'

To the Editor: Frank O'Leary's account of an ex-convict's extramural experiences (*The Reporter*, June 8), has the ring of truth, and many criminologists will have to give a sad nod to O'Leary's statements.

Our sadness is understandable when O'Leary concludes his article in a tone of resignation and bitterness that "Society itself is the loser when an ex-con is driven back into crime because he cannot make a living honestly." Most of us practitioners know that the rehabilitation of a convicted offender should start, ideally, at the time of his sentence. In many instances, however, this is not possible for any one of the many reasons propounded by the author.

While I am far from being content with the state of affairs in our penal system (and for that matter with any system serving our people), in all fairness it should be said that we have come a long way since the archaic practices that prevailed just a decade ago.

Your magazine has done a magnificent service to your readers in publishing an article of this kind, all too rarely seen in magazines and hardly ever in dailies. It seems to me advisable to keep the public aware of the problems of our ex-cons—in whom we invest so much money—by publishing such articles periodically.

HANS A. ILLING
Los Angeles

OPEN LETTER TO SECRETARY STEVENS

To the Editor:

Oh, what weasel ways we wease
When first we practice to appease!

J. KILROY, Pfc. Inf. (Ret.)
Akron

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EXCERPTS FROM THE AEC BOARD'S FINDINGS IN THE OPPENHEIMER CASE

General Considerations

. . . There can be no tampering with the national security, which in times of peril must be absolute, and without concessions for reasons of admiration, gratitude, reward, sympathy or charity. **Any doubts whatsoever must be resolved in favor of the national security.** The material and evidence presented to this board leave reasonable doubts with respect to the individual concerned. We, therefore, do not recommend reinstatement of clearance.

It seemed to us that an alternative recommendation would be possible, if we were allowed to exercise mature practical judgment without the rigid circumscription of regulations and criteria established for us. . . .

Stated in the context of this proceeding, must we accept the principle that once a Communist, always a Communist, once a fellow-traveler, always a fellow-traveler? . . . **The necessary but harsh requirements of security should not deny a man the right to have made a mistake if its recurrence is so remote a possibility as to permit a comfortable prediction as to the sanity and correctness of future conduct. . . .**

Another vital question is, can an individual be loyal to the United States and, nevertheless, be considered a security risk?

Because the security interests of this country may be endangered by involuntary act, as well as by positive conduct of a disloyal nature, personal weaknesses of an individual may constitute him a security risk. **These would include inordinate use of alcohol or drugs, personal indiscretion (in the sense of careless talk), homosexuality, emotional instability, tendency to yield to pressures of others, unusual attachment for foreign systems.** The presence of any of these items would support a finding of security risk, even though in every case accompanied by a deep love of country.

There remains also an aspect of the security system which perhaps has had insufficient public attention. **This is the protection and support of the entire system itself.** It must include an understanding and an acceptance of security measures adopted by responsible Government agencies. It must include an active cooperation with all agencies of Government properly and reasonably concerned with the security of our country. **It must involve a subordination of personal judgment as to the security status of an individual as against a professional judgment in the light of standards and procedures when they have been clearly established by appropriate process.** It must entail a wholehearted commitment to the preservation of the security system and the avoidance of conduct tending to confuse or obstruct.

The Board would assert the right of any citizen to be in disagreement with security measures and any other expressed policies of Government. This is all a part of the right of dissent which must be preserved for our people. But the question arises whether an individual who does not accept and abide by the security system should be a part of it. . . .

Another major issue which has been highlighted by this inquiry is whether a moral principle akin to double jeopardy in the traditional legal sense should have a place in the jurisprudence of security.

We properly ask ourselves the question: How many times may the same circumstances of a man's life be examined with a view toward determination of his security status? . . .

It must be made clear to the public by the Government that its employees and consultants are not to be subject to repeated and capricious reviews of their loyalty or security status. In general, this board believes that responsible prior clearance should be given great weight and should be virtually considered a settled matter in cases where there is manifestly no new material or developments of consequence. We would not urge this as an absolute principle, however, for the reason that **the criminal law concept referred to is for the protection of the individual whereas security measures are for the protection of the country, whose interests should never be foreclosed. . . .**

In the first place, we must acknowledge the important difference between an administrative review of files not involving the personal appearance of the employee and of which he is probably not aware, and a hearing before the board at which the employee appears and at which testimony is taken. This is the first occasion of review of this case by a Personnel Security Board. Indeed, this is the only time that all of the available evidence regarding Dr. Oppenheimer has been correlated and presented in a package. This latter fact suggests the second reason why Dr. Oppenheimer is not being placed in double jeopardy in a moral sense by this proceeding. It was necessary to the national security that material information not considered in previous clearances be studied.

Third, new developments have occurred since the granting of previous clearances. Among these are changed national and international circumstances and new security standards and criteria which have been published in the interim. . . .

Fourth, viewed against the background of earlier history, the conduct of the individual subsequently to 1947 has been such as to raise questions of security risk. . . .

A question can properly be raised about advice of specialists relating to moral, military and political issues, under circumstances which lend such advice an undue and in some cases decisive weight. Caution must be expressed with respect to judgments which go beyond areas of special and particular competence.

Any man, whether specialist or layman, of course, must have the right to express his deep moral convictions; must have the privilege of voicing his deepest doubts. We can understand the emotional involvement of any scientist who contributed to the development of atomic energy and thus helped to unleash upon the world a force which could be destructive of civilization. **Perhaps no American can be entirely guilt-free and, yet, these weapons did not bring peace nor lessen the threats to the survival of our free institutions. Emotional involvement in the current crisis, like all other things, must yield to the security of the nation.**

Significance of the Findings

. . . . We cannot dismiss the matter of Dr. Oppenheimer's relationship to the development of the hydrogen bomb simply with the finding that his conduct was not motivated by disloyalty, because it is our conclusion that, whatever the motivation, the security interests of the United States were affected.

We believe that, had Dr. Oppenheimer given his enthusiastic support to the program, a concerted effort would have been initiated at an earlier date.

Following the President's decision, he did not show the enthusiastic support for the program which might have been expected of the chief atomic adviser to the Government under the circumstances. Indeed, a failure to communicate an abandonment of his earlier position undoubtedly had an effect upon other scientists. It is our feeling that Dr. Oppenheimer's influence in the atomic scientific circles with respect to the hydrogen bomb was far greater than he would have led this board to believe in his testimony before the board. . . .

We must make it clear that we do not question Dr. Oppenheimer's right to the opinions he held with respect to the development of this weapon. They were shared by other competent and devoted individuals, both in and out of Government. We are willing to assume that they were motivated by deep moral conviction. **We are concerned, however, that he may have departed his role as scientific adviser to exercise highly persuasive influence in matters in which his convictions were not necessarily a reflection of technical judgment, and also not necessarily related to the protection of the strongest offensive military interests of the country.**

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The Jurisprudence of Security

Who is in a sorrier predicament: Robert Oppenheimer, the man on whom judgment was passed, or Gordon Gray, the man who passed judgment? We don't think there can be much doubt that Gordon Gray is the one more to be pitied for he—unlike Thomas E. Morgan who with him signed the majority report—is a lawyer and an experienced public servant. As head of the specially appointed Personnel Security Board he undertook not only to apply the security regulations to a most unusual man but to codify these regulations. The report formulates the basic principles of a new code and gives it a title: the Jurisprudence of Security. Justinian or Blackstone certainly never attempted anything so daring, for they brought order to centuries-old systems of norms, not to the capricious vagaries of politics.

This man of hitherto unblemished reputation Gordon Gray, is now being damned both by criticism and by faint praise—and much more grievously by the latter. It has been said, for instance, that his committee did an exemplary job in having allowed Oppenheimer to be continuously "represented by counsel, usually four in number," and in having permitted the cross-examination of witnesses. It has been said that in this time of Congressional investigations running wild, the nation can find solace in the knowledge that—at least according to inspired but conceivably somewhat biased press reports—Oppenheimer was examined and cross-examined but not browbeaten. A smug glow of self-congratulation radiated from the editorial pages of some of the most respectable American newspapers the day after the report was published.

As to the other protagonist, Robert Oppenheimer, perhaps his whole story is told, better than by any words he may say, by the heart-rending serenity of his lean face. *Ecce* Oppenheimer—and there is nothing they can do to him. Not even he, much as he might like to, can in any degree lighten or alter the appalling impact on his own and on all men's destinies of what he has accomplished. All that he did, the common and the uncommon part of it, is now in the public domain—at least as far as other people's minds and hearts can grasp. Moreover, he cannot help it if his stature is such that whoever tries to judge or size him up gives an immediate measure of himself. Many a man has been dwarfed this way—Admiral Straus and Gordon Gray included.

Yet while these two men have a future of public service ahead of them, Oppenheimer is at once invulnerable and doomed. Or at least he is doomed as long as the present mood prevails in our country, for no man who has been the object of prolonged, widely publicized security investigation has ever succeeded in gaining a decisive, unalterable clearance. This is the first principle of the Jurisprudence of Security.

Love Thy Cop

Another principle of this Jurisprudence, that which prescribes "wholehearted commitment" to the security program, sounds like an amendment to the Ten Commandments rather than a rule of law. In essence, it means "Love thy cop." In our day and country the cop is frequently the professional or self-appointed informer. The agent, secret or otherwise, who purveys information plays the key role in the whole System, and it is difficult to imagine what kind of "professional judgment" or 'standard of procedures" or "appropriate processes" can grow out of the System and exert a check on it.

Some of the criteria formulated in the report as to whether or not a man is a security risk are so extraordinarily broad that it is hard to see who can ever be safe. The report states, for instance, that "unusual attachment for foreign systems . . . even though . . . accompanied by a deep love of country" is ground enough to decide that a man is a security risk. There are many of us these days who feel overwhelming admiration and respect for the unwritten British constitution, which succeeds so splendidly in curbing internal subversion while leaving the freedom of British subjects untouched.

The Jurisprudence of Security empowers security boards to make a "comfortable prediction as to the sanity and correctness of future conduct" on the part of men who at some time in their pasts have

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swerved from the right course. But with what kind of comfort can the hapless men of the security board make their prediction? How much reliance can they put in today's criteria when, as the report says, a previous security clearance can be annulled by a change in "national and international circumstances"? If "agonizing reappraisals" lead us to break the alliance with France and Great Britain, then those American diplomats and soldiers who have been at work for years with their French and British colleagues will immediately become security risks. As to the "national circumstances" if and when a new Administration comes to power, the loyalty of the public servants who worked for the previous one becomes at least questionable—questionable in proportion to the prominence of the roles they played.

Enthusiasm is what the Jurisprudence of Security demands—a high pitch of emotion rather than the sustained effort of reason. True enough, the Gray report asserts that "emotional involvement in the current crisis, like all other things, must yield to the security of the nation." Obviously, this must mean that only one kind of "emotional involvement" is commendable, that which leads to unquestioning, enthusiastic obedience to the security system and approval of the current strategic concepts of our military leaders. Of course, when these strategic concepts change—as they are changing—or when some group of military leaders prevails over some other, the enthusiast of today will turn out to be a very dejected man tomorrow. However, it must be assumed that a hearty, alert, and readily reversible enthusiasm will always help.

It is rather difficult to see how, under such conditions, we can have the effective bureaucracy that the power and safety of our nation demand. Actually, what the Jurisprudence of Security makes room for is a supreme bureaucracy of security administrators and informers that would develop the fine art of changing its policies according to its own hunch on the way "national and international circumstances" are turning. It could appropriately be called a bureautheocracy of soothsayers and gumshoes.

Who Is Out of It?

The Jurisprudence of Security, according to the Gray report, applies only and exclusively to those who are "a part of it," which means to all in government service. But is there any citizen who, in the truest sense of the term, is not "a part of it," who is not exposed to the decision of loyalty boards or the reprisals of informers? Certainly not the millions of employees in industrial concerns with government contracts, and the government happens to be by far the largest customer of private business. Certainly not the hundreds of thousands of schoolteachers from university to kindergarten who are exposed to the raids of disloyalty hunters all over the country. In the same way, there is no exemption for people who live in buildings the government has helped finance.

There is no sphere of activity, private or public, that can ultimately remain exempt from the Jurisprudence of Security—for instance the press, which, like all the media of communication, is a privately owned public utility. True, a large part of it, as the reaction to the Gray report proved, voluntarily gives evidence of enthusiastic conformity. Yet there are some writers and commentators who do not conform, just as there are some publications that do not. How long can these noncomformists avoid being "co-ordinated"?

Under Communism, people have learned how to "protect and support the entire system." The most articulate among them, those who are the fittest to survive the changes in "national and international circumstances" or party line, attune their feelers by diligently imbibing the Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist doctrines. Americans, a less theoretical breed, are unwilling to take their cue from eggheads, dead or alive. But there is no lack of nimble people among us eager to guess right and be on the safe side at the proper time. Moreover, we too have our tidy patrimony of ideas—not as pedantic and ponderous as the Communist ones, yet serviceable, handy, and durable.

THE SYSTEM represents a suspension, allegedly conditional and temporary, of government by law and a return to the immemorial tradition of government by men. Actually the attempt is being made to have both types of government running our country at the same time. It is overwhelmingly clear by now that this cannot be done, that one must give way to the other. The so-called Jurisprudence of Security is just a name for a jurisprudence of lawlessness. No one can legislate or codify lawlessness, as the majority report of the AEC board proves.

For those of us to whom freedom is as necessary as the air we breathe, the prospect is far from hopeless. After all, between us and the return to that government by law which the Founding Fathers gave us stand only men—not ideals, most certainly not that ideal which is America. These men, no matter whether pitiable or despicable, must be relentlessly and fearlessly exposed. Those at the top are elected by the people—and the people still have the vote.

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Loyalty, Suspicion, And the Tightening Chain

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

BENITO MUSSOLINI is reported to have admitted in an unguarded moment that he launched Fascism not because there was a real danger that Communism would take over Italy but because he was able to persuade leading groups into believing that there was such a danger. The late Duce's principle provides an invaluable insight for understanding the fantastic rise and growth of the Federal government's loyalty-security program and of the allied spirit of McCarthyism that is undermining the sanity of the American people.

Today the Federal government's loyalty-security program and the Congressional investigations of subversives in and out of government are accepted as legitimate by conservatives, reactionaries, radicals, and liberals alike.

The Inadmissible Question

In tracing the origins of the government loyalty-security program, it comes as a surprise to learn that up to the summer of 1939 not only was there no program for tracking down subversives among government employees, but all inquiry into questions of loyalty and disloyalty was positively forbidden by Civil Service Rule 1, promulgated by the U.S. Civil Service Commission in 1884 and reading as follows: "No question in any form or application in any examination shall be so framed as to elicit information concerning the political or religious opinions or affiliations of any applicant, nor shall any inquiry be made concerning such opinions or affiliations, and all disclosures thereof shall be discountenanced."

On August 2, 1939, the Hatch Act was signed. One of the provisions of this Act, which was designed to prevent political intimidation of government employees, made it unlawful for any Federal employee "to have membership in any political party or organization which advocates the overthrow of our constitutional form of government in the United States."

WHAT CAUSED this historic reversal of policy? Was the Federal government shaken in the spring and summer of 1939 by the discovery of a vast subversive conspiracy in its midst? Not at all. The cause of the insertion of a prohibition of Federal-employee membership in revolutionary parties, in an Act that dealt with quite a different problem, lay in the fact that the Dies Committee on Un-American Activities had started operations a year earlier, and was sending out spores in all directions in the hope that some of them might produce legislation.

And what was the cause, it may be asked, of the Dies Committee's birth? It was not created by an aroused or inflamed public opinion; it was rather that the Committee worked and worked until it managed to inflame public opinion. The resolution authorizing the Committee's creation was put over by people who used charges of subversive plots in the United States, borrowed from the lunatic fringe, as a cover for political attacks on the New Deal and the CIO. Very early in the game Dies bragged of his success in paralyzing "left-wing influence" in the Roosevelt Administration, discrediting the CIO, defeating the liberal Catholic Governor Frank Murphy for re-election in Michigan, bringing about an investigation of the National Labor Relations Board, getting Congress to eliminate the Federal Theater Project, and influencing the Senate to cut its appropriation for the Senate Civil Liberties Committee.

Many years later, at the 1948 hearings on espionage, J. Parnell Thomas, then chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee and a member from the time of its formation, boastfully claimed that the principal activity of the Committee had been to unearth New Dealers. Said Congressman Thomas—later to be convicted of payroll padding and kickbacks—"You know, Mr. Rankin, well down deep in your heart that this Committee is not going to whitewash anybody or anything, and you also know that this Committee has done a very big job—a very big job—and especially a big job in the last two years. We have been unearthing your New Dealers for two years, and for eight years before that."

To which Congressman Rankin replied: "I know the Senate is busy now nagging the white people of the South, and all of the F.E.P.C., and all this Communistic bunk."

The Inevitable Spread

Because the Dies Committee had been filling the atmosphere with vague charges of subversive plots, nobody in either House or Senate dared raise any objection of principle when the amendment on membership in revolutionary political parties was tacked on in the course of the Hatch bill's ride through the House. To object would have been tantamount to confessing sympathy for Communism and revolution. Besides, everybody thought that it would have little practical result.

But while the immediate practical

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consequence of the provision was small, it started a chain of institutional development of enormous consequence. The Civil Service Commission interpreted the Hatch Act provision as applying to "The Communist Party, the German Bund, or any other Communist, Nazi, or Fascist organization." Two years later—the hysteria promoted by the Dies Committee having in the meantime been given a great assist by the Nazi-Soviet pact—Congress expanded the employment ban by inserting riders on appropriation Acts forbidding payment to any person "who advocates, or is a member of an organization that advocates, the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force or violence."

IN ADDITION to enlarging thus the proscribed categories of persons banned from Federal employment, Congress in the same year 1941 voted $100,000 to the FBI for the purpose of investigating Federal employees "who are members of subversive organizations or advocate the overthrow of the Federal government."

There was no definition of what was meant by "subversive organizations," but with the Dies Committee pounding away at "Communist-front" organizations, Attorney General Francis Biddle, who headed the Interdepartmental Committee on Investigations, felt impelled to admit various front organizations into the purview of FBI inquiry. The Attorney General cautioned that membership in front organizations created no clear presumption or basis for discharge, but that such membership could be used to reinforce independent evidence as to whether a man was or was not a Communist. The theory was that if a respectable person was found to be a member of one or two front organizations, it didn't add up to anything, but on the other hand if a person already suspected on good grounds of being a Communist was seen to be an active participant in a dozen "front" organizations, that could be used as corroborating evidence.

In the subsequent development of the loyalty-security program, the Attorney General's caution was thrown to the wind. Attorney General Tom C. Clark made the list of front organizations classed as subversive a matter of public record, and thereafter it was woe to anybody who was discovered to be or to have been a member of "an organization listed as subversive by the Attorney General."

Second-Class Citizens

So in the early stages of development, the hunt for subversives on the Federal payroll was in no wise a rational response to an objective evil. It was started and carried on in obedience to a mandate from Congress, but the mandate from Congress merely reflected the desire on the part of a minority to make political capital out of an inflated

danger of Communism. Though the threat of Communism was not credited by the vast majority of the American people, and though even the majority in Congress did not actively desire to make political capital out of the Communist issue, no stand was taken against the will of the demagogic minority because it was felt that no question of civil rights and political theory was involved in rules for government employment. The courts had enunciated the maxim that government employment, like employment with any private employer, is not a right but a privilege.

The trouble was that the judicial maxim was dangerously false. With the government employing two or three million people, it ceases to be in the relation of a proprietor or boss to its workers and enters the political relation of the state to the community. Irrational and unjust rules for government employment are just as dangerous as irrational and unjust laws for the body politic. Moreover, the same government makes rules for government employment and enacts laws of general concern, so that bad rules for government employment become a precedent for bad general laws—as well as a precedent for imitation by state and local governments and private individuals and social groups.

In the rules enacted in 1939 and 1941 governing Federal employment, Congress had in effect legislated that the holding of abstract ideas—as distinct from participating in overt action—on revolution constitutes a crime punishable by the loss of Federal employment and the imposition of a stigma; and that an individual could be guilty by mere association or mere membership in an organization that advocated the theoretical desirability of revolution under certain circumstances.

Moreover, by authorizing the FBI to investigate Federal employee membership or connection with undefined subversive organizations, Congress had encouraged the setting up of dossiers and card catalogues concerning thousands of organizations and millions of people. It had in fact authorized the FBI (and also the Civil Service Commission) to indulge in the same reckless confounding of liberal, radical, and revolutionary organizations that the Dies Committee indulged in. And while, as was pointed out, a liberal U.S. Attorney General had fought hard in the early years against drawing conclusions from membership in "front" organizations, his cautions in the end could not prevail against the vigilante mentality that Congress had so rashly encouraged.

Communists in Government

By these Acts and authorizations Congress had taken a sizable step toward subverting the foundations of our political institutions in the guise of protecting the Federal government from subversion. It is noteworthy that this was done at a time when nobody could point to any real subversive threat to the government, at a time when nobody in or out of Congress could adduce sensational charges of Communist espionage (such as were brought forward in later years) as justification for action. Congress had acted in response to minority pressure and with the majority failing to realize the

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long-run significance of what it was doing.

Let it be said at this point that while there was no subversive threat to the Federal government, there was a problem of a different sort connected with Communism. It was the administrative problem of how to handle cliques of Communists and fellow travelers who had gotten into government employment. The problem was that such people were building up job-giving machines which in some cases obstructed free access to government employment, and that in international matters such people might attempt to obstruct the orders of their superiors (and even play fast and loose with state documents) in situations where there was conflict with the party line.

THIS problem first came to be recognized as such in the period between the Nazi-Soviet pact of August, 1939, and Hitler's invasion of Russia in June, 1941. Before that revealing German-Russian treaty there was no clear way of identifying such cliques without conducting a dangerous and forbidden inquiry into the political beliefs of government civil servants.

However, in the twenty-two-month interval, when many of the sympathizers with Russia publicly identified themselves by reciting shibboleths of the strangely twisted Communist Party line, a good start was made in administratively breaking up or neutralizing these groups, particularly in the international agencies of government. The entrance of Russia, and later of the United States, into the war stopped further development of this policy. During the war years the administrative energies of Federal officials had to be concentrated on the winning of the war, a war in which we were fighting not Communism but Nazism, and fighting it with the invaluable help of Soviet Russia and Communist resistance groups in the Nazi-occupied countries.

The 1945-1948 Exodus

After the war, when the friendly relations with Russia were suddenly transformed into cold-war hostility, administrative policy again underwent a change. Gradually, as government employees here and there revealed by their actions that they favored Russian rather than American policy, they found their welcome gone and were led to resign. In the two years following the war—before the Truman loyalty program was organized—there was a large exodus of men with Russian or Communist sympathies. By the time the whole loyalty hullabaloo developed, the problem of pro-Russian cliques ob-

structing the administrative workings of the government was already licked.

Unfortunately the seeds planted by Congressman Dies in the prewar years took root and sprouted in the postwar years. The FBI and the Civil Service Commission had accumulated voluminous files in the course of their digging for subversives, and when the reversal of public sentiment toward Russia and Communism coincided with the sensational spy charges made by Elizabeth Bentley *et al.*, the professional investigators felt that they had at last reached the promised land. Agitation in Congress redoubled. A subcommittee of the House Civil Service Committee in 1946 undertook an investigation of subversives in government, and its report, made after only two weeks of investigation, took the Executive Branch to task for not discharging employees on loyalty grounds at a faster pace. Subversives-in-government became an issue in the Congressional campaign and helped the Republicans capture both houses. Following the election, President Truman appointed a Temporary Commission on Employee Loyalty, made up of high administrative officials in the executive departments and agencies. After the commission made its report, in March, 1947, President Truman issued an executive order establishing a comprehensive loyalty program. In the words of the late Congressman Adolph J. Sabath, "The President's Executive Order stole the Republican thunder."

Democratic 'Me Too'

The report of the President's Temporary Commission, which formed the basis of the Truman loyalty program, betrayed very definitely such a desire to steal the Republican thunder. "It is the conviction of the Commission," the report said, "that the narrow limitations of the present statutory standards generally used for determining disloyalty render it prudent to provide additional and more flexible criteria." Was this because of the new espionage revelations and charges? Hardly. On the matter of espionage, the Commission's report had a curious passage emphasizing the need of adequate counterespionage ("the penetration of enemy and subversive networks") and deploring the "disproportionate preoccupation with the question of employee loyalty alone." It pointed out that there were two methods for dealing with the security problem, and that the method of counterespionage was superior to the method of taking measures to ferret out disloyal employees because "Counter-espionage will reveal the venal employee selling secrets to foreign agents as well as the disloyal employee whose motives are ideological rather than mercenary." It went on to say that "Unless this entire problem is considered with proper emphasis on the counter-espionage aspect of its solution, the Commission is convinced that the achievement of the basic objective may well fail."

The Commission then declared that since the instructions of the executive order under which it was operating did not include a study of counterespionage measures, it had to confine its study and recommendations to loyalty procedures alone. The reason for the one-sided instructions of President Truman lay, of course, in the fact that in our political climate the espionage revelations of Miss Bentley and the rest did not bring forth a demand for the head of J. Edgar Hoover for being asleep at the switch. What it

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brought forth was a demand for more and more victims among run-of-the-mill government employees. To take the heat off the Democratic Party, it was politically expedient to intensify loyalty procedures and investigations, even if inherently that was a wrong thing to do.

The Ritual Purification

The Truman effort to take the loyalty issue away from the Republicans—like Mr. Brownell's recent efforts to take McCarthyism from Senator McCarthy—brought about a complete distortion of perspective. Had a loyalty program been considered in the guise of an aid or subsidiary device to supplement counterespionage, the procedures would have reflected the emphasis, uppermost in any intelligent counterespionage program, of concentrating one's energies on protecting the important and sensitive services of government and not frittering them away on the routine governmental activities.

But since the loyalty program was considered a thing unto itself, the Commission decided that "The presence within the government of *any* disloyal or subversive persons, or the attempt by *any* such persons to obtain government employment, presents a problem of such importance that it must be dealt with vigorously and effectively." In a word, the Commission called for ritual purity of government employment regardless of the cost in employee morale destroyed and regardless of the practical value—or rather lack of practical value—of such a goal.

In carrying out its desire for "more flexible criteria," the Commission recommended that membership in any organization listed by the Attorney General be regarded as ground for loss of government employment. Hitherto the Attorney General's list had been used informally as an aid in reaching a conclusion as to whether a suspected Communist was really a Communist or not. Now even membership in a single "front" organization was sufficient to damn an individual.

At the same time the Commission endorsed the practice of entertaining accusations by confidential informants whose identity could be kept hidden even from the loyalty boards trying the cases. Finally, in its recommendations on investigations—to be conducted without evaluation by the FBI and the Civil Service Commission—the Commission incorporated the gossip files of the

House Un-American Activities Committee among the valid sources of information. This recommendation, which like all the others was adopted in the Truman loyalty program, helped cement a fraternity of interest between the Congressional investigating committees and the executive investigating agencies such as the FBI and the Civil Service Commission. If we want to understand how it comes about that so much information from FBI files ends up in Senator McCarthy's hands, we can find the answer in this cementing of ties between the Congressional and executive investigators which the Commission's report and the Truman executive order officially encouraged.

As time went on, the investigating fraternity emerged as the real power behind the loyalty program, with the apparatus of loyalty boards topped by a Loyalty Review Board serving to put a mantle of respectability on a program that started out to deal with guilt by association and ultimately became preoccupied with guilt by mere accusation.

It is true that a majority of the members of the loyalty boards and on the central Loyalty Review Board were motivated by a sincere desire to administer the program with the maximum fairness possible under the circumstances. Their action in many cases stopped the slaughter of innocent victims, but the nation ultimately paid a heavy price for such humane gestures. The clamor for more summary and more numerous dismissals steadily increased. In 1948 a Senate committee headed by Senator Homer Ferguson complained that the loyalty program was not separating enough people fast enough from the Federal payroll. The committee also complained that the loyalty program was operating on the theory that "Once a Federal employee has been checked for loyalty and cleared, he apparently is considered cleared for the balance of his governmental career. . . ."

THESE COMPLAINTS produced results. The loyalty boards—theoretically serving as judges in employee trials—knuckled under to the critics of their leniency and became more severe. After a while President Truman was persuaded to change the standard of judgment from a reasonable demonstration of disloyalty to a reasonable doubt of loyalty. Also the Loyalty Review Board heeded Senator Ferguson's demand for perpetual inquisition by opening and reopening cases that had already been cleared.

All this failed to appease the Congressional critics of the program, who

LOYALTY-SECURITY PROGRAM—IN 1861

(From *Reveille in Washington, 1860-65*, by Margaret Leech. Harper's, 1941)

"In singular contrast to the arbitrary arrests was the retention of the many doubtful unionists in the Government departments. The House had found this situation so disturbing that during the special session it had appointed a Select Committee on Loyalty of Clerks. It was headed by John F. Potter, a belligerent Wisconsin Republican, who two years earlier had been challenged to a duel by Roger A. Pryor of Virginia, and had turned the affair into a joke by choosing bowie knives as the weapons. As an agency for secret accusations, the Potter committee formed a sounding board on which every whisper of suspicion was magnified during the latter half of 1861. In the offices, clerks trembled for their jobs, and spied and tattled on their fellows. Some five hundred and fifty charges were made to the committee, which examined nearly four hundred and fifty witnesses under oath. Workers at the Navy Yard, the Arsenal and the White House were among those whose fidelity was challenged."

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were being fed the raw charges—raw in more senses than one—from the investigators' files. Senator McCarthy sprang into national fame by charging that the loyalty boards were coddling and shielding Communists, and the Republican Presidential campaign of 1952 was conducted with a heavy emphasis on this issue. General Eisenhower promised to re-examine all loyalty cases cleared by the Democrats, and he carried through that promise after his inauguration by abolishing the Truman loyalty program and substituting a simplified security program. Under the new system, employees are immediately suspended without pay on the presentation of charges, and while they can demand a hearing within their agency, they are unable to take their cases to a higher review board outside their agency.

Moreover, under the standard of assuring the security of the United States, employees can completely refute the charges of disloyalty and still be barred from clearance for reasons of security. Those so dismissed are supposed to feel grateful to the Administration because instead of classing them under the category of disloyal persons it classes them under a broader category which includes miscellaneous perverts, drunkards, compulsive talkers —and disloyal persons.

Vanishing Magna Carta

The story of the loyalty-security program has been the story of a legal system where the rights of the defense were progressively undermined and finally taken away altogether. In such a situation it was obvious that the luckless defendants would be deprived of justice. But at the same time the state would cease to know whether it was punishing the right people or the wrong ones, whether it was striking at real or imaginary evils. If all this happens when we emasculate a system of justice dealing with objective crimes, it is even more probable when we go haywire in dealing with the emotional charges that concern the subject of loyalty and disloyalty.

We gave up all the rules of fair play, and what did we accomplish? We know that the loyalty program has resulted in vast injury to the government and to the nation. But has it produced any benefits? Has it added to the security of the United States? Not at all. Can it ever provide, or help to provide, the protection from espionage that is its ostensible purpose? No program that undertakes to investigate all the millions of Federal employees and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, and that seriously inquires into forgotten memberships in organizations that passed into limbo fifteen and twenty years ago, can be of any reliance for security purposes.

We have reached a state of mind today where for a large section of the public the principal architects of victory in the Second World War have been transformed into betrayers of our country. Mr. Roosevelt is the traitor who invited the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, General Marshall is "a living lie" and "a front for traitors," and now Dr. Oppenheimer, builder of the atom bomb, is walled off as a "security risk."

Labor Unions And 'Security Risks'

JOHN WARNER

(The identities of all the workers and labor-union officials quoted or referred to in the following article have been disguised by the author at their request. No man wishes to tempt the investigating committee's subpoena or the clearance board's inquiry. These good union men are used to standing up to be counted on hot issues. Thus their desire for anonymity in this instance indicates the impact of the present preoccupation with security on an important part of our population.)

MIKE IS A MAN who honestly describes himself as a "very controversial figure." He is a bluff and rugged natural leader with impulsive determination and an explosive personality. Though these characteristics have gotten him into many scrapes in unions and with management, he was utterly unprepared for what happened to him just after the first of this year, when he was notified that the government refused to give him clearance for "sensitive work" in the defense plant where he was employed because of his "past associations."

Mike had ten days in which to file a reply with the regional "industrial personnel screening board." He had no idea of the specific charges leveled against him or of who had requested the government's investigation. Rightly or not, he was suspicious of the company he worked for, some representatives of which had let it be known that he was not the sort of labor leader they liked to deal with, that they did not enjoy having him as one of the top officers in his local union, and that they resented his extreme militancy during a 1952 strike when he even antagonized a few of his fellow workers.

"About a year ago," Mike claims, "the company selected forty of us out of twelve hundred employees to sign what I understood to be a loyalty pledge. You get a lot of stuff to sign these days—you know, routine—and I didn't bother to read it very carefully, just signed it. Figured it was some kind of straight loyalty pledge. Now I'm told it included a request for access to sensitive material."

He offered affidavits from various individuals, including his parish priest, testifying to his good character, his loyalty, and his reliability —political and otherwise. But the "first determination" of the screening board pronounced him a security risk, a conclusion that seems to be standard practice for such initial reviews. The company fired Mike the moment it received word of the screening board's decision, and three detectives hustled him bodily out of

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the plant. He didn't even have time to pick up all of his personal belongings.

MIKE GOT a lawyer to take his case to the appeal board. The notification Mike had received contained only a vague accusation about "past associations" in form language. Together the two men tried to figure out why Mike had been declared a security risk.

In 1940, when Mike had gone to work in a factory for the first time, he had joined one of the left-wing unions that were later kicked out of the CIO. He had never been much interested in politics, and abstract ideologies were far beyond his horizons. The local bargained effectively, and Mike wasn't concerned about its views on world disarmament. He became a steward, held other local offices, and in 1949 took a staff job with the international union. It was a step up for an ambitious young man.

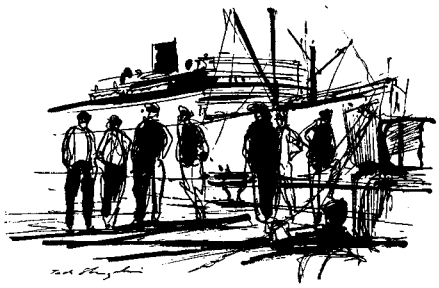
On the staff Mike's nonpolitical orientation brought him into sharp conflict with the left-wing leadership. "I wouldn't sign checks made out to all kinds of political organizations and causes I'd never heard of," he explains. "I told 'em that stuff was none of our business." Mike was learning about Communists the only way a man of his sort could learn. In less than eight months he was dropped from his staff job.

Mike went back to his plant, and, he claims, helped take his local away from the "lefties" and into the rival organization the CIO was setting up. He started to work in 1951 at the plant from which he was recently fired, joining and becoming an officer in a local of one of the CIO's largest and most effectively anti-Communist internationals.

At this writing Mike's case is still pending.

I.P.S.C.P.

Although most workers are only slowly becoming aware of the "industrial personnel security clearance program," in recent months security firings have been occurring regularly in American industry—at an instrument shop here, a chemical plant there, an aircraft factory somewhere else. The program was created in the spring of 1953 by the Department of Defense to safeguard work on military and other "sensitive" contracts with private industry. Also established were the investigative procedures, the screening and appeal boards that act in accordance with twenty-one criteria for determining "clearance." These are almost identical with the standards established for government workers by Attorney General Brownell when he ordained a switch from President



Truman's emphasis on "loyalty" to the present one on "security."

The criteria for "security risks" range from overt subversive acts through past and present political associations to "sympathetic interest" in totalitarian movements. They take into consideration personal habits or associations that "tend to show" that a person is "unreliable," specifically outlawing anyone who uses alcohol "to excess" or commits acts of a "reckless, irresponsible or wanton nature."

Under this system, proof or disproof of charges that a man is a risk depends upon the interpretation of these extremely broad and vaguely worded criteria by those who make up the boards. As their directives explicitly state, their judgments are not guided by the usual rules of evidence of American courts. Nor is there any provision to ensure that those on the boards will be aware of and understand the normal contacts with radicalism experienced by American workers during the depression, the organizing period of the 1930's, and the war years.

Whether or not such standards are useful in judging government workers, they impress union men as ridiculous. Factory work, which centers on things rather than relationships, permits people with all kinds of strange mannerisms and ideas to form a well-functioning work group. One local leader with wide experience protested: "If they really applied those standards generally, half the plants in the country doing 'sensitive' work would have to shut down for lack of workers." Actually the standards are applied only when investigation of a worker is requested by management or by a government agency.

It seems obvious to both union leaders and rank-and-file members that whoever created these standards would view with alarm some of the traditional behavior patterns of certain working-class groups, some of whose members consider getting drunk or brawling standard recreation. The rules appear to be the work of men who have never had to walk a picket line, who were never caught up in the unemployment and social unrest of the depression and its aftermath. The criteria sound like the creation of the most stuffy, puritanical, uninformed middle-class minds. They elicit derogatory laughter or groans of despair from workingmen.

MANY UNION LEADERS are especially concerned with the revival of procedures they thought had vanished forever from the industrial scene and with management's apparent enthusiasm for these methods. According to Edward Myerding, the executive director of the Chicago office of the American Civil Liberties Union, private detectives are now being used by some firms to hunt for security risks among employees and job applicants. "We know," he told me, "that blacklists have been created. There are several private agencies, some of them boasting about their ex-FBI men, who for a fee offer industry a private screening service for employees and prospective employees. One such agency claims lists of thousands of 'subversives,' presumably culled from the records of various governmental investigating bodies as well as from private sources. This practice gives no opportunity whatever for the fellow who finds himself going from plant to plant with no luck even to find out what the charges are."

It all reminds the older workers uncomfortably of the inequities of the pre-union and unionizing days —the blacklisting, the arbitrary rule by men instead of by contract law and grievance procedure. "We don't

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know much beyond the minimum facts," Myerding added, "because it is all being done behind closed doors and nobody wants to discuss it."

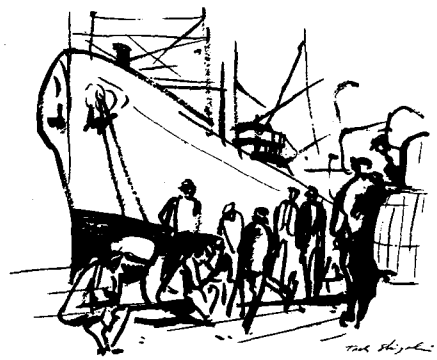
Risk and 'Intent'

Normally the government does not ask that a man who is refused clearance be fired, much less blacklisted. It specifies simply that the worker be put on unclassified work. During the days of the Truman loyalty program, Bell Aircraft used a system in which workers without clearance wore an identifying label on their clothing, a sort of security version of the Star of David. Bell now follows the general pattern, firing the "risk" and then waiting to see if he wants to fight the case.

There is plenty of unclassified work at Mike's plant and in most factories, but the chances are good that employees discharged in this way will give up rather than face the time, expense, and personal anguish of fighting against the heavy odds inherent in the present system. For it often seems a nearly impossible task to convince a suspicious board that one is innocent, not of the commission of some specific act, but of the slightest potential tendency to commit any of a number of unnamed acts under any possible conditions that might exist any time in the future.

"It certainly seems," said a grievance committeeman at another plant, "as if these companies are always especially eager to fire a man in a security case if he's a strong union man." At one factory in the East nine out of nineteen employees discharged for security reasons were part of the local's active core and had held various offices in it. From such episodes workers easily get the impression that the security program has many aspects of an anti-union crusade and they react accordingly. "Hell, we know who the Commies are!" one thoroughly anti-Communist officer exclaimed bluntly. "But some of those guys aren't traitors or spies, just off on the wrong track. Some of them are our neighbors and friends, fought the union fight with us and took the same knocks we did."

Another local officer took a different point of view. "It makes me damn mad to be forced into a position where I have to defend Communists because of the civil-liberties issue. Almost all the guys left in the party now are pretty despicable people from my experience. But they're propagandists, not spies. So this crazy business makes me use time and energy defending them without accomplishing a thing for



'security.' But we have to defend them because of the principle involved and because the thing can be used to attack the whole union—and probably will be!"

Attorney General Brownell's most recent request, for power to "dissolve" allegedly Communist-dominated unions, adds fuel to the fires of suspicion among union leaders. Although their opposition to such a measure is nearly unanimous, they seem confident that it will go the way of a similar proposal by Senator John Butler (R., Maryland), which would have placed upon the unions the burden of proof that they were not Communist-dominated.

Myerding feels that the threat to labor is broader than many of the union men realize, especially in view of the private efforts that the government program has inspired. "Labor must recognize," he says, "that with this program industry is developing a tremendous force of anti-labor 'experts.' The 'experts' make a living out of finding 'Reds,' and as the pickings get slimmer they are bound to get more loose in their definition of the bogeyman. What could be nicer than, as actually happened in a couple of Chicago plants, the hidden 'experts' find the union's stewards are 'Reds' just before an NLRB election?"

In any case, quite a few of Mike's fellow workers are worried because they too were active members of left-wing unions before the CIO kicked those unions out and set up new ones. But union leaders are not concerned about the security program solely in narrow terms of self-defense. Since they believe the program in fact does almost nothing to make the country more secure, many of them feel strongly that it may disarm people generally with respect to real threats while making them ever more tolerant of injustice.

Production workers know that every man with any skill and length of service has learned how to slow down production, an old weapon in the arsenal the workers draw from when the fights with management get tough. And they know that the high-seniority men are experts in finding out everything that is supposed to be a secret. They have listened to Old Sam the electrician impressively proclaim how he could "fix it so we'd all have a little vacation." They are aware that Johnny, the night-turn clerk, makes conversation by showing friends how he has learned to identify the important military items. Given these facts of life in the factory, the union men don't see how possible spying or sabotage is affected by labeling or eliminating all the left-wingers, the heavy drinkers, each individual who has ever flirted with radical ideas or organizations, and the "nuts" and fanatics who enliven every department and shop.

"After all," said a young but sophisticated local officer, "every radical in the mill is known because the men get to know each other thoroughly. The guy who can get caught under this system isn't the man who'd be used as a spy. He'd be a guy with no record, someone who never said anything more startling than 'Let's have a Coke.'" It is not the easily recognized Communist or fellow traveler whom the men fear, to the extent that they worry about security; it's the occasional shrewd, unscrupulous fellow who is "out to make a fast buck" any way he can, the kind of man they call a promoter.

Policing Their Own Shop

"Can you imagine what a truly effective system of preventive surveillance would be like?" asked an

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important staff member of one of the CIO's big internationals. His implication was clear: every plant a miniature police state with a Gestapo-type agent for each little work group. Of course such operatives would have to be better trained than the bright law-school graduates turned FBI agents who, like the "private eyes" used by some companies, generally know little about the details of factory life.

Like most union leaders, this staff man believes that the working people's own loyalty and common sense are better able to protect the nation's production lines than any government-management scheme, which must be either totalitarian or ineffective. In theory, at least, this has always been the position of American leaders. Until recently, however, the procedures for maintaining such a position have not been properly defined for the guidance of local officers and members upon whom the burden of dealing with each individual case must fall. Top leadership does not want to take a position on "security as such." As the staff man put it, "We have to live with this program, and we definitely don't want to get involved in changing it or enforcing it. We believe that spying, treason, and sabotage are matters for the government, not the unions or the companies, to handle." Reconciling this position with adequate protection of the job rights of the individual worker has taken time. Meanwhile, locals have generally been unprepared to act when "security" cases arose, and the behavior of both locals and internationals has varied greatly.

THERE have been a few instances in which local leaders appeared glad to see a member "get the gate," for political or factional reasons. Sometimes they have been afraid to defend a man who might end up, rightly or wrongly, being labeled a Red—even though they admit that he has the same rights under the contract as anyone else.

The first reaction among the rank and file at Mike's plant to his firing was an urge to "pull the pin" and shut the place down. The international cautioned them not to strike. "That will just make it look like Mike wants to hurt production," his supporters warned. The union is now fighting Mike's case through arbitration, with the argument that there is plenty of unclassified work for which he is qualified.

Most such cases have been won. Another worker who returned from a staff job with the same international to which Mike belongs was refused re-employment by his company. It charged that he had at one time been "close to the Communists," which of course had been true of him and quite a few others in his local. The local, with full backing from the international, demanded that the company show cause for discharge under the contract, and went to arbitration with the case. Now the man is back on his job.

Within the internationals most affected, this kind of policy and procedure is now being advocated more clearly and communicated more effectively to the lower echelons. The CIO's Electrical Workers, engaged as they were (and still are) in a rough fight with the remnants of the old left-wing outfit, often found moral and practical considerations in conflict and were reluctant for a time to face up to the problem in a vigorous and consistent way. Recently, however, IUE president Jim

Carey announced that the union will not condone firings that do not fall within the provisions of the contract, including firings of workers who "take a Fifth" as well as those not cleared for sensitive work in plants where nonsensitive jobs are available.

At the local level officers are trying to establish procedures even in advance of any security cases, especially in locals with a left-wing background or with many radicals among their active members. They are seeking verbal or written agreements with management that will bring an end to promiscuous security firings and take the handling of such cases clearly into the realm of contractual relations.

Although a general effort to protect the individual worker's job rights is taking shape, it has a long way to go. The firings continue. There remains that minority among the rank and file who favor anything that will get the Reds. In some shops, as happened almost as this was written, members take personal reprisals against "lefties" identified by investigating committees or clearance boards. But the basic humanity of the labor movement in the mass-production industries, its fundamental concern for the individual, and its deep resistance to arbitrary rules and decisions have been aroused.

'It Doesn't Make Sense'

The consequences of being fired as a security risk are always very great. Sometimes a man's particular skill makes some sort of defense work almost inevitable at a time when government contracts are so pervasive. Even if this is not the case, discharge—with or without blacklisting—hits hard at a worker's earning ability. He loses the precious seniority that is the key to well-paying jobs. His home, his family, his relationships with his friends are all affected.

Mike, tough and confident as he is, has been deeply shaken by his experience and still finds it almost incomprehensible. "You know," he said, "there are kids around here that won't talk to my sixteen-year-old daughter since this happened. And here I am, sitting around, not holding down a job till this is settled, even though the union has been wonderful and I'm getting my full pay. But I've an eighty-year-old aunt living with me, and my mother lives here—she's seventy, dying of cancer. Do you know what it does to them? Thank God my wife is giving me every bit of support. She's a real union woman. But it doesn't make sense, it doesn't make sense at all. I didn't think things like this were supposed to happen in America."

The words come with utterly

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sincere passion, with all too real fear and anguish, from the mouth of this big, normally exuberant worker and leader of workers.

Even the man who is cleared and returns to work often finds his place on the job more difficult. There are always those who thrive on suspicion and doubt of their fellows. As one lawyer who has handled such cases put it, "A man who has been acquitted of trying to poison his wife will always find he has some neighbors who no longer want him over for dinner." And the "cleared" man must live with the threat over him that his file may be "reactivated" and the whole procedure begun again.

Most of the workers seem to agree with one old-timer who labeled the blacklist poison no matter what its purpose or form. "You can't cure no problem with poison!" he insisted. "Hell! I know what the blacklist means 'cause I got it back when we were organizing in the thirties. I didn't work here, then. Once I was blacklisted I didn't work anywhere for awhile."

He reflected silently for a moment on the consequences of being fired for security reasons. "That's a pretty rough penalty for being a 'risk,'" he added. "At least I got it for actually beating the hell out of my foreman and not because I looked like maybe I'd do it." « »

Why I Quit Teaching

As told to VICTOR BOESEN

NOT LONG AGO a friend of mine who had taught in the Los Angeles public schools for many years received a summons from the School Board to appear before it for questioning on her loyalty to the United States.

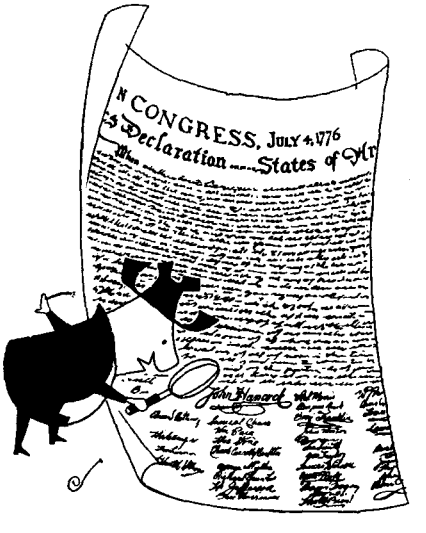
Another teacher took the suspect aside: "Now, dear, you will answer everything, won't you, so that we won't lose you? We all love you, and we know that you are innocent."

"But if I answer these questions I'm permitting an invasion of my Constitutional rights," the other explained. "I am duty bound to refuse in order to uphold the Constitution, and as a teacher I have taken an oath to do that."

"Oh, but the Constitution was such a long time ago!" her friend replied with a sigh.

THE TEACHER to whom the Constitution apparently had become too quaint to be taken seriously is still teaching. The other teacher was fired. She is one of nine Los Angeles teachers who up to this writing have been discharged under the Dilworth law, which was enacted by the California legislature last September.

The Dilworth law, which was put through with the help of the Los Angeles School Board, in effect strips all school employees of court protection for their jobs. Under the provisions of this measure, which is without parallel anywhere else in the nation, school boards may fire out of hand on the grounds of "un-



professional conduct" or insubordination any school employee who refuses to answer any of five key questions as to his beliefs and associations. No proof of culpability is required.

Since the present School Board came to power, Los Angeles teachers have been resigning much faster than they can be replaced. One teacher simply walked out at the end of the day, leaving her desk piled high with papers. I myself quit last year after thirteen years as a high-school teacher. The roster of teachers in crowded Los Angeles already includes five hundred unqualified members who are teaching under emergency certificates.

Much is heard these days about the low pay of teachers as a factor in the teacher shortage. Los Angeles teachers are among the highest paid in the country, but they are giving up their careers because they no longer find it possible to maintain traditional American concepts of teaching without risking dismissal and the taint of disloyalty.

"Why, I wouldn't go on teaching for twice the pay," said a friend of mine just before she quit. "I'm afraid to flunk anyone for fear they'll report me downtown as a subversive. I imagine spies in the rest rooms, in classes, in the halls—everywhere. And every time the principal calls me to talk about some activity I'm sponsoring, I think I'm being subpoenaed to appear before the television cameras as a spy."

Kings and Kindergarteners

My friend was not being overly imaginative. A kindergarten teacher was called to the principal's office because she had explained to her young charges at Thanksgiving time that the Pilgrims had come to America "to escape a wicked king." To speak of kings as "wicked," this trembling teacher was informed, was to parrot the Communist line.

Another elementary teacher got into trouble because there were "Russian" dancers in the "Nutcracker Suite" ballet she had staged in the school auditorium.

Such things are not considered remarkable in the domain of the present Los Angeles School Board. This is the board that turned down a Ford Foundation grant to help train teachers because Paul G. Hoffman, then president of the Ford Foundation, had gone on record as approving the United Nations and UNESCO.

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The Board once grimly exacted a loyalty oath from a group of Boy Scouts before it would let them use a school auditorium. Its members saw nothing wrong when the neighboring Pasadena School Board not long ago demanded a loyalty oath from a three-year-old as a condition to handing the child's parents a three-dollar check in payment for the tot's services in an activity put on by the Pasadena Board.

WITH BOY SCOUTS not above suspicion, it was hardly to be expected that those who taught them would escape. When I resigned the inquisitorial fires were being fanned, as they still are, in the Hearst and *Times-Mirror* newspaper columns. Stories about supposedly subversive teachers appeared almost daily. On April 14, 1953, the *Mirror* claimed that there were six hundred teachers who needed to be investigated. Each time the School Board met, reporters pressed its members for new lists of suspects.

I had not the least doubt that sooner or later my own name would appear on one of these lists or on one of the hundred subpoenas that, the newspapers announced one day, were soon going out to teachers whose "propaganda was sufficiently subtle to escape detection in the classroom."

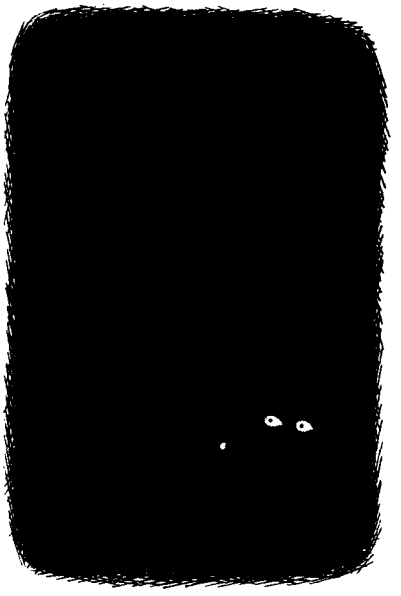
Even if my teaching was subtle, which it certainly was not, I richly deserved one of those subpoenas. As a teacher I had indeed lived dangerously. I had discussed the Bill of Rights when it wasn't even Bill of Rights Week, and I had made it very plain that I was in favor of all its ten Amendments. I was plainly not impartial about a lot of other things, such as slum clearance, conservation of natural resources, racial democracy, and the right of anyone to join organizations or attend meetings without fear of having his license number taken.

I had told my pupils they had the right to sign petitions and to write their Congressmen. I had told them it was un-American to be afraid. I had told them that I had traveled in the principal countries of the world, and described what it was like to live in a police state.

When friends asked me how I felt about UNESCO, I said I thought it was great. They looked pained, and cautioned me, "You will be *very* careful, won't you?" They admitted they didn't know just what UNESCO was, and declared they didn't want to know—it wasn't safe.

'The Smiling Teacher'

As I reflected on the things that I had taught and believed, and which now seemed certain to incriminate me, I contrasted the present terror with conditions when, as a young woman, I had started teaching in Los Angeles many years before. I had been happy, and for this reason popular. The youngsters had even called me "the smiling teacher."



For my cheerful habits of mind I doubtless owed much to my origin. When the doctor asks me for a family history, it amazes me how little ill-health, poverty, madness, or genius I am heir to. We have a genealogy on the shelf which is pretty dull reading, and it seems to me that ever since the American Revolution (against a "wicked king?"), in which my forebears took part, the family has been coasting. Three meals a day, shoes that fit, regular medical attention, music and dancing lessons for the children, and something in the missionary side of the church envelope, as well as some respectable amount in the other side to help pay off the church mortgage—all these things the family has always taken for granted.

With the native good humor that was mine, I found it fun to teach even where others did not. In my early days in Los Angeles I taught remedial reading in a big high school for the poor and foreign-born. Most of the boys wore their hair long on the neck, and their trousers pinched in at the ankles, and carried spring-blade knives. The girls dressed in skin-tight skirts, white shoes, and bobby socks.

I don't think I remedied their reading or improved their social habits much, but I do think I put over the idea that they were pretty lucky to have migrated to this country, and that they could show their gratitude by taking part in its government. Teaching seemed a fine thing to be doing.

During the war I transferred to another school, and it was there, in 1946, that I received my first intimation of what was coming. The vice-principal said to me privately one day, "I hear you have taken up Russia in your history class. Remember, it's unwise, but if you do it anyway don't forget to point out as you go along how each thing about their system is bad—and don't give the subject too much time."

Soon after that, State Senator Jack Tenney and his California Un-American Activities Committee pounced on Mrs. Frances Eisenberg and Mrs. Blanche Bettington, two top-rated social studies teachers who had taught at Canoga Park High School for twenty-five years.

Everyone knew that if teachers with the records of these two could be attacked on grounds of loyalty, no one was safe. This was further established by the manner in which Senator Tenney conducted his inquiry. One of the students called to testify began by saying of Mrs. Eisenberg, "She always used very democratic procedures. . . ." He got no further. He was told to step down, and another student was called.

AS WE BEGAN to understand what was afoot, we became thoughtful. Most of us took down from the shelves the New Deal pamphlets on TVA, Willkie's *One World,* and Wallace's *Sixty Million Jobs,* and debated whether to put them in a trunk in the attic or give them to the Salvation Army.

We began to wonder which of our friends were "dangerous" and which

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ones might consider us "dangerous." Where we once had freely discussed any issue that came to mind, coy giggles of evasion took the place of discussion. At our private gatherings, such as those at lunch, we spoke in lower tones. Gradually the members of these groups abandoned criticism

of any kind; then they took to eating alone in their rooms. If they used the cafeteria, they didn't linger there, but hurried off to the rest rooms to lie down for a few minutes before their next class. When they weren't checking outlines of chapters they had assigned, they played bridge: They weren't letting their minds get into mischief.

A pervasive vagueness crept into the principal's pronouncements concerning school policy. As to what that policy was, the Los Angeles *Times* announced that a return to the three R's and more ROTC was "the will of the people." We ourselves were less informed. "Controversy" obviously was out, but what was "controversial?" The school board, except in the case of UNESCO, didn't say. Indeed, it didn't indicate outright that such issues should be avoided. Many teachers solved the problem by sidestepping all subjects even remotely arguable.

The students became divided between those who suddenly wanted to know where they could lay their hands on the hotly controversial pamphlet "The E in UNESCO" and those who thanked their lucky stars that they hadn't been contaminated with it in class.

"Don't make me testify against myself," cracked one boy when I challenged his excuse for not having done his homework.

After class on another occasion I found a penciled note on the floor. "Smith—a bad boy," it was headed. "Suspected of carrying on subversive aliases. His real name is Smithovitch. Was exiled to Siberia at age of six months for smuggling vodka to kindergarten classes. At the age of two he was arrested for selling Serutan to people under 35."

I was no longer able to promote an air of free discussion among the students. Sometimes I felt they were trying to save me from myself.

"What is the Korean War about?" a girl student asked one day, putting me squarely on the spot. Another student, wanting to help out, quickly put in, "We're not supposed to discuss that, are we?"

Full discussion of this subject might have served to counteract the viewpoints often held by veterans who came back and spoke to their former schoolmates. "Awful waste of good men," remarked one who had come back minus a leg. "Awful waste of good men," he kept repeating.

The two or three live wires in every class who ate up anything political fell silent. They cautiously talked to me after class. They wrote lengthy opinions, but asked me not to read their papers aloud. I had a refugee from Holland in one class, and a Greek exchange student in another. Neither could be induced to make an oral report on his country or to comment during general discussions.

I BEGAN to wonder if it wouldn't be just as well to emulate the teachers whose assignments I sometimes read on the blackboards of their classrooms: "Read from Page 100 to 110. Answer all the questions at the end of the chapter." I looked at the children's notebooks: "Outline and list," they had written. Never "Discuss and compare." Gone were the days of assignments such as "Pretend you're a reporter interviewing Thomas Jefferson on the Alien and Sedition Acts."

As the tension mounted, many teachers freely admitted that they were taking sleeping pills at night. One confided that she found a double shot of whiskey helpful each evening when she got home. For many the only answer was to resign. Those who could not afford this luxury caved in and adopted the philosophy voiced one day by my principal.

After the usual merry platitudes he grew somber. "You think of yourself as a liberal," he began. "That's O.K. I'm one myself. But I want you to get smart, young lady. I want to keep you. Don't buck the trend."

He leaned forward. "Let me tell you about myself," he went on paternally. "I was just a shop teacher for God knows how many years. I took all the tests for principal. I worked my pants off. I got pretty well up on the list. But I never got a school. Then I got smart. I joined the Legion. I joined the right church. I let it be known I would play ball. Now I'm doing fine."

As I emerged into the hall I oscillated between planning an even more careful course or buying myself a hat to wear in the courtroom. Before I had gone far some inheritance from my Plymouth Colony ancestors came to the rescue. I decided I would make no more concessions to fear. I would shut no more hall doors when the class touched off discussions about such questions as the Korean War. I would try to hold the line, and hope for the happy times to come back.

In this brave stand I soon found myself alone. Of the half dozen of us on the faculty of my school who had at first chosen to buck the trend, I was the only one left. I felt like the child who is "it" in a game.

Those colleagues who once had preferred a book to television, who

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had fought against textbook censorship, the removal of the *Nation* and *New Republic* from school libraries, who had protested the withdrawal of films on the United Nations while those contributed by the National Association of Manufacturers were kept—all those stalwarts now seemed to have hearkened to the principal's injunction to "get smart."

They gave excuses for not speaking up in faculty meetings. They alibied for not giving money to the teachers' organization that *was* making a stand. "I can't this time, but keep me informed." "I'm with you heart and soul, even if I don't want to stick my neck out just now. Wait till my house is paid for." "My husband's mother is with us now, and Ed's business has fallen off terribly."

The Half Teacher

What disturbed me most was what was happening to the children. Apart from the effect of all this unwholesome hugger-mugger on their minds, there was the greater tragedy that they were being short-changed educationally. Tests given recently in the Los Angeles schools show that the children were better in spelling and arithmetic two years ago than they are today.

Eventually I discovered that I was suffering more in mind and spirit at the daily prospect of denying the children what they should have than I was at the prospect of losing my job. I was going to bed early and getting up tired. I tried the double whiskey treatment, but it did no good. I half wished they would bring on that subpoena and get it over with.

Teachers in this fame of mind can depress the youngsters under them. A boy said to me one morning after one of my harder nights, "Gee, I came in here happy, and now you got me all worried."

I thought with a start, "I mustn't do this to the kids!" I can't remember exactly how I made up my mind, but one day I simply resigned. I didn't give any reasons. No one asked for any. I sometimes wonder if they know I'm gone.

I didn't want to quit. I like teaching. It's my life. Some day, "as soon as all this passes," as we victims of hysteria are wont to say, I hope to go back.

At Home & Abroad

The Two Chinas And U.S. Recognition

PHILIP C. JESSUP

The delegations to the Far Eastern Conference were taking their places at the Palais des Nations in Geneva. Tall, smiling Prince Wan of Thailand, compromise chairman of the conference, was chatting with Anthony Eden and John Foster Dulles. Molotov and his aides were together in a group. There was a meteoric shower of camera flash bulbs as the Chinese Communist delegation headed by Chou En-lai entered the room.

Did Mr. Dulles know who Chou was? Undoubtedly he recognized him. But the United States did not thereby "recognize" the Chinese People's Republic.

Who, what, and where is the government of China? There is a Chinese government on Formosa, and thirty-eight other governments, including the United States, recognize it as *the* government of China. There is a Chinese government in Peking, and twenty-six other governments recognize it as *the* government of China.

The dilemma is not a new one. People were asking the same question about Poland in the 1940's, about Spain in the 1930's, and about Mexico in the 1910's. Civil wars don't have sharp beginnings and endings. They are like the common cold: Do you measure its start from the first sniffling discomfort or from the moment you finally take to your bed? And is it over as soon as you feel better or when you've used the last Kleenex? As changes emerge from the storm of civil commotion, it is often just as hard to specify the exact day on which a government is born or dies.

Even when it is perfectly clear that there is a new government with real control over a piece of territory, the question of recognition remains. The United States had to adopt a recognition policy in the earliest days of its history. In the summer of 1792, Gouverneur Morris, American Minister to France, wrote that another revolution had taken place in Paris and that "it was bloody." Should he recognize the new government? In English eyes, this was the Reign of Terror—"a system destructive of all public order—maintained by proscriptions, exiles, and confiscations without number . . . whatever corruption, intrigue, or violence could effect, for the purpose, openly avowed, of subverting all the institutions of society, and extending over all the nations of Europe that confusion which has produced the misery of France."

But Thomas Jefferson's view was different. The United States had come into existence by revolution, insisting on its right to choose its own form of government. Other countries had the right to do the same. All we needed to do was to find out whether a new foreign government, as a matter of simple fact, represented "the will of the nation substantially declared." If so, we would recognize it.

The same formula was a sufficient guide for our recognition policy until we were torn by the Civil War and the Confederacy was seeking recognition in Europe. Under the stimulus of this experience, Secretary of State William H. Seward said that our policy was "settled upon the principle that revolutions in republican states ought not be accepted until the people have adopted them by organic law with the solemnities which would seem sufficient to guarantee their stability and per-

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manency." But this was a relatively short-lived aberration, and we returned to the traditional Jeffersonian precepts until the Administration of Woodrow Wilson. Outraged by the nature and results of revolutionary turmoil in Mexico, President Wilson declared: "So long as the power of recognition rests with me, the government of the United States will refuse to extend the hand of welcome to anyone who obtains power in a sister republic by treachery and violence."

At this point moral judgment emerged as a basis for recognition. Here emerged, too, the idea that recognition involves a cordial welcome. Again this was merely an eddy in the stream of American foreign policy, although it swirled around our Latin-American and especially our Caribbean policy for some time.

'The Motley Procession'

The main stream of American recognition policy has been to take note of facts, not to make moral judgments. It has even become common to extend "de facto recognition," and thereby serve notice that the new government is on probation. But as one international lawyer has pointed out, to couple this factual conclusion with a demand for the fulfillment of conditions about certain political attitudes is like telling a pupil that her sums are correct if she will be a good girl.

The present U.S. Secretary of State has recently said, "It is well established that recognition does not imply moral approval." This view is in accord with that of one of America's greatest international lawyers, who also once directed the policy of the Department of State. "It is . . . inconceivable," said the late John Bassett Moore, "that the government of the United States has at any time approved of all the governments with which it held diplomatic relations. . . . I hold in review the motley procession: governments liberal and governments illiberal; governments free and governments unfree; governments honest and governments corrupt; governments pacific and governments even aggressively warlike; empires, monarchies, and oligarchies; despotisms decked out as democracies, and tyrannies masquerading as republics—all representative of the motley world in which we live and with which we must do business."

The present Secretary of State went on to quote President Monroe's statement denouncing the despotic and expansionist system of the Russian Czar and his allies but asserting that so far as recognition was concerned, it would be our policy "to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us." That, said Mr. Dulles, is sound general policy, but it *is*, he added, a question of policy, and we can change it when a change would serve our best interests.

The test of what best serves the national interest certainly offers sound basic grounds for determining foreign policy, but the practical question as to what course of conduct best serves the national interest at any given moment cannot be answered by feeding punch cards into a calculating machine. Several points need to be kept straight:

¶ Recognition does not necessarily involve moral or any other kind of approval.

¶ One government can recognize another without taking it to its bosom and even without establishing diplomatic or consular relations with it.

¶ The United States government can escape some dilemmas by leaving some aspects of recognition to the United Nations, but

¶ The question of seating the Chinese Communist delegates in the United Nations is different from that of recognizing their government.

The first of these points we have already considered. The second point should be obvious but has been blurred in diplomatic practice.

Look at it this way: There has never been any doubt that a government can, as a sign of displeasure, break off diplomatic relations with another government, recalling its ambassador and declining to deal with it further. A recent example is the action of the Soviet government in recalling its ambassador from Australia after Australia had given asylum to one of the Soviet Embassy staff and his wife who defected. The Australian ambassador was simultaneously withdrawn from Moscow. This had nothing to do with "recognition"; the Soviet Union did not "de-recognize" or "un-recognize" Australia or vice versa. By the same token we could "recognize" a new government without establishing diplomatic relations with it.

We could say in effect that our

HIGHLIGHTS OF U.S. RECOGNITION POLICY

1792—**Secretary Jefferson** announces the *de facto* theory—"the will of the Nation substantially declared."

1823—**President Monroe** says we "consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us."

1866—**Secretary Seward,** following the Civil War, insists that revolutionary governments won't be recognized until their people have solemnly adopted them by organic law.

1913—**President Wilson** refuses to recognize a government (Mexico) that obtains power "by treachery and violence."

1923—**Secretary Hughes** withholds recognition from Soviet Russia but says we are not concerned with "its legitimacy."

1932—**Secretary Stimson** uses "non-recognition" as a club in an attempt to block the Japanese conquest of Manchuria.

1933—**President Roosevelt** recognizes the Soviet government after it agrees to respect its international obligations.

1954—**Secretary Dulles** approves the Jeffersonian *de facto* theory and says "recognition does not imply moral approval."

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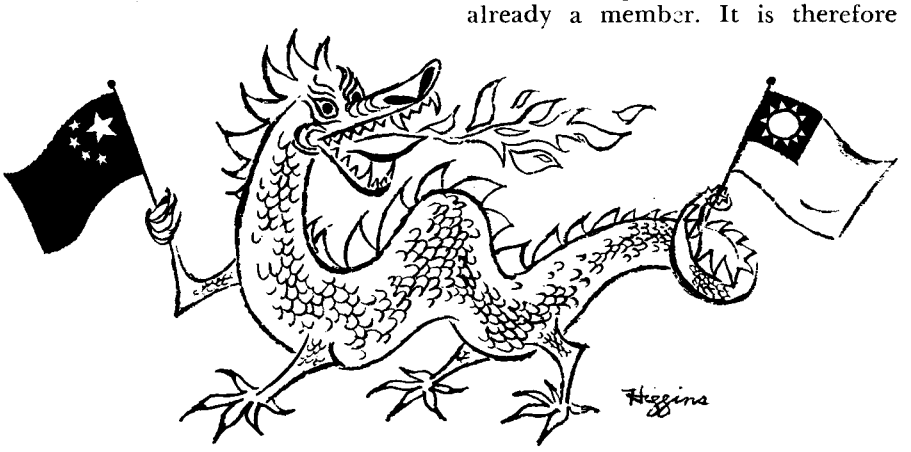
recognition policy is based on facts: The facts are that this new government is actually in control of its country, and therefore we recognize it; on the other hand, we don't like this new government, don't trust it, won't allow its diplomats to come here as spies and saboteurs, and therefore we will not exchange ambassadors. This is a much clearer way of registering disapproval. It preserves our interests and yet does not shroud the facts behind a constantly changing recognition policy. If we had followed this practice in regard to the Soviet Union in the 1920's, we would have saved a lot of trouble.

ONE MUST admit, however, that the first step is always the hardest. Because we have not already established the practice, the State Department would risk misunderstanding and confusion in the first case in which the theory was applied. Yet it need not be true, as Secretary Charles Evans Hughes said in regard to the Soviet Union, that "recognition is an invitation to intercourse." It is perfectly possible therefore to extend recognition without taking the obnoxious new government to our bosom, or even warmly grasping its hand.

The third and fourth points have to do with the possible role of the United Nations in recognition. As long as recognition involved only the relations of two governments, as it did in Jefferson's day, the problems were circumscribed. In the modern era of international organizations, the difficulties are expanded but the solutions may be easier. Even at the end of the First World War, before the League of Nations was established, Costa Rica, though a co-belligerent in the war, was unable to attend the peace conference at Versailles because the Wilsonian policy had prevented recognition of a firmly established government which had seized power by a *coup d'état*. For many years an unrecognized Latin-American government could not take part in the work of the Pan American Union because the representatives were the ambassadors in Washington—and no recognition, no ambassador. That situation has now been changed so that a Latin-American government may accredit its representative to the meetings of the Organization of American States even if it is not recognized by the host country—the United States.



In the days of the League of Nations, the Swiss government, after recognizing the Franco government in Spain, closed and sealed the Geneva office of the Spanish Loyalist delegation. The United States could not lawfully take such action today in regard to an accredited delegation to the United Nations. Delegations whose governments do not recognize each other may and do sit side by side and work together in the various organs of the United Nations.

A U.N. Problem

The general problem of recognition does arise in the United Nations, however. For example, under the Assembly's rules of procedure, all representatives must submit their credentials to the Secretary General before the meeting opens. These credentials must be issued by the Head of State or Government or by the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The General Assembly then appoints a credentials committee, which examines the credentials and reports to the Assembly.

It has become customary for the Soviet Union to protest the seating of the delegates of the National Government of China, claiming that the Peking Communist government is the only Chinese government entitled to represent China. The Soviet plea is always rejected, even though seventeen of the sixty U.N. members have recognized the Peking government.

This is not, as many people seem to think, a question of admitting a new member (i.e., the Chinese People's Republic) to membership in the United Nations. It is rather a question of deciding which delegation shall represent a state that is already a member. It is therefore quite different from the annual debate about admitting Italy, Ireland, Bulgaria, Romania, and all the other candidates. New members can be admitted to the United Nations by the General Assembly only on the recommendation of the Security Council, and such a recommendation is subject to the veto which the Soviet Union regularly casts against a long list of applicants because its own satellites are not considered "peace-loving" by the other members.

The credentials committees, on the other hand, act by majority vote and have no authority to concern themselves with attitudes or policies of a government so long as it is *the* government. Their reports to the General Assembly, to the Security Council, or to any other U.N. organ are adopted or rejected by majority votes. There is no veto in such cases. The announcement made from time to time in the last eighteen months by spokesmen for the United States that we would use the veto to prevent the seating of Chinese Communist delegates is mere offstage noise. The United States has prevented the seating of Chinese Communist delegates not by the veto but by political persuasion and influence. And most other governments have concluded that the central issue of Formosa vs. Peking is too important to be disposed of through voting technicalities on a report of a credentials committee.

There have, of course, been suggestions that the Chinese People's

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Republic and the Chinese government on Formosa should now be thought of as two different states and that the General Assembly, on the recommendation of the Security Council, should act to admit them both as two separate members of the United Nations. One trouble with that solution is that the Charter provides, by name, that "the Republic of China" shall be one of the five permanent members of the Security Council; it would therefore be impossible, short of amending the Charter, to admit both without choosing one of the two rival governments as a veto-holding member of the Security Council. Of course, if it were agreed that "the Republic of China" had gone out of existence and been replaced by two other states of other names, ways might be found to enable the Security Council to function with only four permanent members. But it is unlikely that either Formosa or Peking would agree to that.

U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie, in a legal memorandum written in 1951, concluded that "the United Nations does not possess any authority to recognize either a new state or a new government of an existing state." It is true that the Charter does not expressly give the United Nations such authority, but it is by no means clear that procedures could not be adopted that would bring about the same result.

A Feasible Policy

It would be perfectly feasible for the United States to base its future policy upon the following propositions:

¶ The recognition policy of the United States is still based on the traditional theory of looking at facts and acting accordingly, regardless of whether we like or dislike the government concerned.

¶ When the United States determines *as a matter of fact* that a government is actually functioning as such, we shall recognize it.

¶ When the government recognized is obnoxious to us because of its internal domestic policies or its aggressive foreign policy, we shall not accompany recognition with the establishment of diplomatic relations.

¶ In regard to representation in the United Nations, we shall operate in accordance with the rules of that organization, accepting the decisions reached by the General Assembly, the Security Council, or any other organ in voting on the reports of credentials committees. Delegations seated by the proper procedures will be dealt with by us as such, irrespective of the question of diplomatic relations or even recognition.

Having said this much, it is necessary to add that such steps cannot finally unravel the "China tangle." There would still be left such questions as: "Who represents that member of the United Nations named in the Charter as 'the Republic of China'?" "If the Peking Communist delegates are seated, what becomes of Formosa?" Most people would agree with the Secretary of State that the free nations should not "facilitate and encourage the bloody liquidation by the Chinese Communists of these free Chinese on Formosa." Some other solution would have to be devised—but one that does not ignore for too long the facts of power.

The issue of recognizing Communist China will not, of course, be decided on mere legal grounds. The policymakers of the United States and other free countries will not want to do anything to raise the prestige of the Chinese Communists in Asia until there has been some purging of their record of aggression in Korea and their intervention in Southeast Asia. Perhaps the outcome of the Geneva Conference may contribute to the solution of these questions. Meanwhile a frank statement of our recognition policy would clear away from these central problems a lot of irrelevant matter.

The Celebes Long After Conrad

FRANK OLIVER

Macassar, Celebes, Indonesia

From the sea Macassar still looks much as it did to Joseph Conrad when he first sailed into its harbor some seventy years ago. Many of the buildings he saw are still there, and the city's peaceful aspect gives no indication of the fierce political struggles now going on behind its quiet sea front.

The old Dutch fort, its massive walls enclosing high-gabled buildings roofed with weathered red tile, still dominates the scene from the sea. Above the godowns rise the steel upperworks and colored funnels of steamers instead of the tall masts of sailing ships. But in the inner harbor still lies a fleet of beautiful two-masted proas and palaris whose designs haven't changed in a century. They still carry rattans, sandalwood, buffalo horn, bananas, coffee, and all the spices of the Moluccas. Across the harbor, proas and narrow canoes with double outriggers skittle along at an amazing rate in even the lightest of winds.

Behind the wharves and godowns are streets of Chinese shops, simple open-fronted affairs with two floors of living space above. Further into the town the natives of Macassar have adopted a similar type of shop with such variations as sliding screens of pandanus and rattan.

The sewerage system is unchanged from the Middle Ages. On the principal streets are open stone-lined gutters a foot and a half wide and deep; theoretically, running water from the hills at the back of the town sluices away the daily accumulation of rubbish in them. But the theory doesn't work, and it seems too hot to wonder why, much less find out. So buffaloes drag springless carts through the narrow streets and coolies shovel rotting refuse into them before the gutters become completely full. The stench is less than one would imagine.

The streets of Macassar have not only the static color of painted

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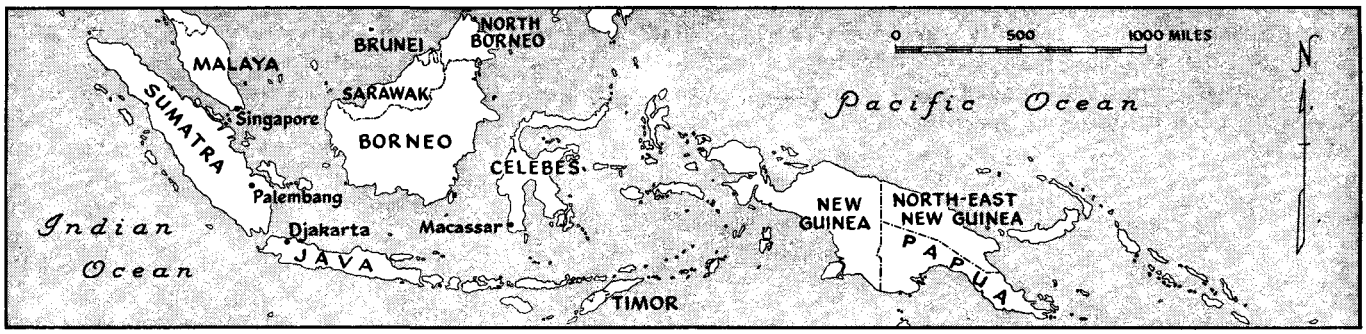

Starworth

houses and shops but moving color that changes every minute of the day. Masses of humanity mingle with pigs, dogs, cats, chickens, and geese. The women wear batik sarongs through which riot greens, pinks, purples, yellows, browns, rusts, reds, and whites in fantastic designs seldom seen in Java or Sumatra. The sarongs are topped by jackets called *baijus* that also compete with the rainbow. As for male attire, the western shirt and shorts have arrived here via the China coast and Singapore, but over the basic shirt and shorts there also hangs a sarong, which may flow full length to the ankles, be worn as a voluminous sash around the waist, be raised to drape the shoulders, or be tented over the head as protection from tropical showers. These plaid male sarongs are of pale blue and rose, saffron and green, azure and vermilion, acid green and olive green, purple, shocking pink, deep rose, gray and bright blue.

The open-fronted shops are filled with sarongs and silks, with shoes as colorful as the raiment, and with engraved and painted bamboo utensils, baskets of dyed raffia and rattan, and above all with colored food. The native proas daily bring in from the tropical sea fish that are pink, red, ultramarine, electric blue, silver, and yellow. To these colors the fruit shops add the yellow mango, the red papaya, and bananas that range from tiny yellow ones to enormous green plantains like cucumbers.

Halftrack and *Betcha*

Into these medieval streets the current century has poured the motorcar, the jeep, the half-track, and the *betcha*. The military vehicles carry the Javanese soldiers who, to the disgust of the native populace, garrison the town, and they are driven with a heavy foot on the accelerator and a heavy hand on the horn. The *betcha* is the postwar substitute for the ricksha throughout the East. It takes various forms and names but is essentially the same in Medan, Singapore, Djakarta, and Macassar. In Medan it is a bicycle with a sidecar, but in Macassar it is a tricycle with a double seat in front. Officially, it is double-seat taxi, but in practice it usually carries two adults and two children, or two adults and a lot of baggage, and sometimes it is loaded solidly with freight. The vehicle is out of ricksha by nationalism.

The Oriental made the discovery, or was told by nationalist officialdom, that it was beneath his dignity to pull, on foot, another human being in a ricksha. This posed a problem that has been solved in an Oriental way. Dignity, it was discovered, is served if the man *pushes* his fellow human. So instead of pulling a single person in a ricksha, which can be balanced by its running puller so that the weight scarcely exists (I speak from experience, having tried it years ago), the man now takes three times the load in a *betcha* and pushes, via the pedals, this enormous dead weight. In the past I have often felt sorry for the ricksha puller with an unusually heavy load, but it is nothing short of heart-rending to see a bare-legged *betcha* man, with knotted leg muscles and hideous varicose veins, struggle to get his heavily loaded, high-geared tricycle started, and then, when a Macassar cop decides to change the flow of traffic, slam on a primitive brake, spring off, and haul back on the contraption to keep it from charging into the side of a passing car or another *betcha*. The *betcha* man does treble the work of a ricksha puller, but dignity is served, and he collects double and sometimes triple what he would have collected from a single ricksha fare.

Other Postwar Improvements

Macassar has two other things that are new, and their unpopularity about equals the popularity of the *betcha*. It has a mild form of civil war and a disturbing, evangelistic form of Chinese Communism.

The tribes that make up the population of Celebes were and still are much taken with the idea of a Republic of Indonesia, but trouble arises from the fact that they don't want it in quite the form that Java, from its capital, Djakarta, considers they should have it.

But the Javanese are here, mostly in the larger cities and mostly in khaki uniforms, and with rifles, machine guns, jeeps, halftracks, and other military impedimenta. There is also a batch of civil officials. They aren't sufficient in number or filled with enough energy to occupy all of Celebes, so they occupy the cities and leave the rural areas to guerrillas. Life is easier and more comfortable in the cities and the pickings are better. The Celebes idea of a republic, as far as I have been able to discover, is independence within a federation. Indeed, these people have developed an island-rights mentality that makes the most ardent

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American states-righter look like a piker. So the Celebes native has come to look upon the Javanese troops as enemies, and he constantly and consistently prods them to go home by means of well-directed rifle fusillades from an estimated thirty thousand guerrillas, of whom a fair-sized body seems to be in the hills back of Macassar.

This civil war is no less real for being carried on in the most casual manner imaginable. Indonesians in general and Javanese in particular subscribe to the theory that in the tropics it is too hot to work hard at anything, and my own experience in Indonesia leads me to sympathize with the idea. Therefore the civil war has the appearance of being an avocation rather than a business. But it increases in tempo when the rains stop and the dry season arrives. The night of my arrival there was some wild firing on the outskirts of town when guerrillas came down in a foray from the foothills. The score was five Javanese known killed; guerrilla casualties unknown but probably nil. The next morning the troops stirred themselves to search for a guerrilla leader believed to be hiding in the town. They found him in the rafters of a house within a hundred yards of where I chanced to be shopping. He fired a couple of shots before blasts from three Sten guns dropped him out of the rafters like a rat.

Quiet reigned for a while, as it had for a couple or three weeks before my arrival. The last previous flare-up had consisted of a guerrilla raid on the house of a high Javanese civil official who was shot dead in his chair, as was a friend who had been careless enough to be visiting him at the time. Occasionally guerrillas send emissaries to the foreign traders, the Almayers of this century, to warn them that perhaps they are seeing more of Javanese officials than normal business really warrants and to remind them that the native Celebesians are coming back into control and these things might be remembered.

THE MOST URGENT drama in this ancient trading post is being played out apart from local political cleavages and civil strife. It is also being played in every city of size in Southeast Asia where Chinese in any number are gathered. In the islands altogether there are two million Chinese. Here, as elsewhere, they keep shops of every kind, run restaurants that provide by far the best food in town, act as middlemen between foreign traders and Indonesian consumers, and do the moneylending.

The bulk of the Chinese are little concerned about Mao Tse-tung and even less about Chiang Kai-shek. They are traders and petty capitalists by nature and training, with a built-in and acute sense of profit. Over the years their ties with China have slackened, and these are now chiefly of a sentimental nature. When Indonesia became a republic the Chinese in the islands had three choices: to become citizens of Communist China, to take Dutch nationality, or to become citizens of the new republic. A small number adhered to Mao Tse-tung, still fewer took Dutch passports, and the majority accepted Indonesia's assurances of full citizenship. This, they now claim (and my observations in Sumatra, Java, and Celebes confirm the claim), they don't have, but even so their disappointment has not turned their thoughts toward either Peking or Taipeh. But with the younger generation it is a very different story.

Both Peking and Taipeh have agents throughout the islands, but only the Communist ones seem to have enjoyed much success. The attitude of the Indonesian authorities toward Communism and Communist countries roughly parallels that of India's leaders. Here, as in India, the authorities have been too busy trying to make a republic out of a nation ninety-five per cent of whose people are illiterate to pay much attention to Peking's agents.

Peking's consulates first imported a batch of Chinese Communist textbooks and reprints, which have found their way into Chinese schools throughout Indonesia. Troubled Chinese parents apparently haven't been able to do much about this, and in any event the theme running through Chinese propaganda here is an interweaving of hearty nationalism and warm idealism—a Chinese version of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Even those elder Chinese who haven't the remotest idea of ever going back to China seem to have felt a pleasant flutter over the political strength Mao Tse-tung has shown inside China and the military prowess Chinese troops have displayed in Korea. For a couple of generations Chinese throughout Southeast Asia tasted gall because the Japanese, whom they had always despised, were accepted by the West as citizens of a first-class power while China endured the stigma of extraterritoriality.

The New Jerusalem

A new form of education that began with praise and glorification of a régime that had compelled respect from the West could hardly be objected to by most Chinese parents. When the curriculum inched into an idealistic Marxism they were probably not even aware of it. But eventually the seed sprouted, and the Chinese shopkeeper of Macassar, like his fellow shopkeepers elsewhere in Indonesia, found he had a child who placed a distant, unknown state above self and family.

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Now Peking's agents are reaping this new crop of converts. One day I watched a hundred of them from this comparatively small community march off to Canton singing the Communist equivalent of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Their ship wasn't due to sail until sunset, but by early morning the uniformed youngsters began to arrive on the dock. Each, as he or she arrived, was required by Indonesian officials to sign a solemnly worded document waiving all rights to Indonesian citizenship and even the right to return to the island of his birth. These youngsters ranged from about fifteen to twenty-three, and each was equipped with white shirt, gray trousers and jacket of thin cotton material, and a floppy visored cap of the same stuff. Each had an enormous brown leather suitcase, each had a new or near new bicycle, each had a new thermos bottle in a canvas sling, and each had a new fountain pen attached to his shirt pocket. Some carried a few bits of more personal-looking luggage, such as small rattan or bamboo baskets of fruit for the journey.

Communist equality applied only to Communists, and not to the Indonesian coolies handling the baggage. These the Communist youngsters ordered around in the most peremptory terms, behaving in a way no white man could in present-day Indonesia. Young uniformed girl Communists of fifteen or so, their sex distinguishable only by slightly developing breasts and hair a couple of inches longer than the boys', ordered coolies around like drill sergeants.

No Truck with the Past

All day the excitement was intense as a tangle of suitcases, bicycles, and fruit baskets cascaded onto the wharf. The high-pitched Cantonese chatter almost drowned out the noise of derricks and the chant of the tallymen counting bundles of rattans as they were loaded into the hold. Indonesian coolies in colorful sarongs trotted through the maze of bicycles, baggage, and milling Communist youth carrying sixty-pound bundles of rattans, completely disregarding the noise and the bustle, interested only in their own working song and the chant of the tallymen.

All the young Communists were to be deck passengers at the rate of three hundred rupiahs (roughly thirty dollars) for the eleven-day journey to Hong Kong, whence they would proceed to Red Chinese territory by train. Never have I seen a happier group of travelers, but their cheerfulness was in strong contrast to the long, sad faces of the several hundred parents and grandparents, older brothers and sisters, who through the day gradually assembled on the wharf.

The cargo having finally been stowed, the ship's derricks began hoisting in the bicycles and suitcases ten at a time. The youngsters were on and off the ship staking out their deck space. An hour before sailing time the ranks of parents and grandparents were swelled by many new arrivals, coming to say good-by, probably forever, to their youngest generation.

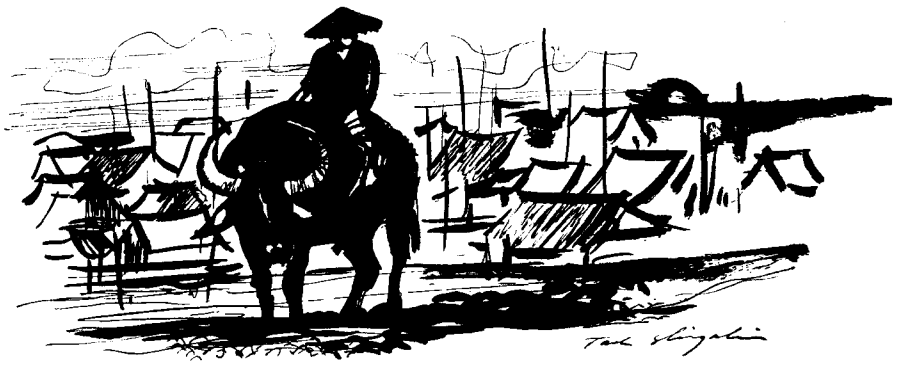
Careless disregard for sorrowing parents was matched by an easy contempt for the few white people about, including myself. Obviously we were capitalists, and but for their patent dislike of us we would have been beneath notice. They all spoke the Cantonese dialect, of which I know nothing, and my efforts to conjure up some long-forgotten Mandarin met with no understanding. They seemed to say by their bearing that they were part of a new and mighty nation of 450 millions, anxious to pay back in a small way some of the contempt the white men had lavished on the Chinese in the last century and a half.

As the ship prepared to sail, the eager sound of young voices raised in Communist hymns came from 'tween decks, from the boat deck, and the well decks. On the wharf old women, some with bound feet, were weeping, and the faces of some men were wet with tears.

Most of the parents, I learned, were shopkeepers and therefore petty capitalists. In competition with the Communist agents from Peking, they had completely failed in their task, failed to convince these youngsters of the rightness and happiness and sensibleness of the ancient and traditional way of life.

The battle here, as in the rest of Southeast Asia, is being fought on the Communist side with the cheapest and most penetrating weapon—promises. These youngsters had no firsthand knowledge of China, no experience of how an authoritarian state works. What they had come to believe was based on photographs and easily manipulated statistics, to which had been added compelling promises of security, plenty, equality for all.

Such techniques are winning converts throughout Southeast Asia with the exception of Hong Kong, where the realities of the new police state in China are too close to be effectively hidden. Later I learned that to the hundred converts who sailed from Macassar were added 150 each from Surabaya and Semarang and eight hundred from Djakarta. In due course these twelve hundred youths and girls were shepherded from the steamer in Hong Kong to a train that took them to the border of Red China. From there a few of the leaders, already in Communist Army uniform, marched the twelve hundred across into China. Nor was this the total crop of converts from Indonesia. In the space of three weeks, I later learned, over three thousand youngsters were marched into the police state of Mao Tse-tung.



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The German Socialists Search Their Souls

CHARLES W. THAYER

BONN

A FEW hundred yards south of the imposing new Bundestag Office Building here, a long, low, barrack-like bungalow sprawls across a weedy field. If ever a building was designed as a political satire it is this bungalow, the headquarters of the German Socialist Party, designed to symbolize the inadequacy of Bonn as a capital instead of Berlin. Inside it, however, there is raging a battle whose outcome will have far more significance to the future of West Germany than any argument about where the capital should be. Since the Socialist defeat in last autumn's elections and especially since the fruitless Berlin Conference, the Socialists have been trying to make up their minds about how they are to survive as one of Germany's major political parties.

Several of Chancellor Adenauer's stanchest Catholic supporters have privately expressed concern about the deterioration of the moderate Socialist Opposition. They recall too well what happened in 1932 when the Nazi Right and the Communist Left joined hands to defeat the weakened moderate parties in the Prussian Parliament, thus paving the way for Hitler's seizure of power a few months later.

It is perhaps also indicative that immediately after the 1953 elections a number of journalists, writers, and teachers switched their allegiance from the victorious Christian Democrats to the defeated Socialists. Did these intellectuals conclude that no democracy, least of all the youthful Federal Republic's, could fly indefinitely on one wing?

The Schumacher Legacy

If others are worried about the weakening of the Socialist Opposition, we can be sure that the Socialists themselves are even more so. In their Bonn barracks a good many questions are being asked right now. Is Socialism hopelessly anachronistic in present-day Germany? Can Socialism be modernized without committing suicide? Can the Socialists survive another long term in opposition without splitting up like the Italian Socialists or wandering aimlessly around the political stage like the Socialists of France? Answers to these questions must be found within the next few months before the next annual party convention.

There is little argument about why the Socialists were defeated: the current prosperity of the German economy and the obscurity of the Socialists' position on Germany's foreign relations. The Socialist foreign-policy program was originally devised by the late Kurt Schumacher, and since his death in 1952 it has remained frozen. During his many years in a concentration camp brooding over the Socialists' defeat by Hitler in 1933, Schumacher had concluded that it was not Germany's rejection of Socialism but the appeal of Hitler's nationalism that had brought about the defeat. "Never again," Schumacher once told me, "will the Socialists be caught being less nationalistic than their opponents." Thus he pitted the party against every effort of Adenauer to solve Germany's external problems by international or European measures.

But as with every general who prepares for the next war by trying to avoid the mistakes of the last, his troops were badly beaten. After twenty years, the Germans had changed. With memories of bombings, invasion, and Allied occupation still fresh in their minds, they were receptive to schemes for international brotherhood, including a French rapprochement, a European community, and an international defense force.

ONE CANNOT help wondering whether, if Schumacher had lived, he would have permitted his party to indulge in "the small man's passion for pursuing things to their logical conclusion"—in this case unrealistic demands for German reunification before Europeanization. In the early days of the Bonn Republic, Schumacher had displayed as much understanding of the Russian problem as his opponents, if not more. Decades of fighting with the Communists for leadership of the working class had given him a better insight into the Kremlin's methods than the conservatives whose experiences with the Soviets had been confined largely to rather profitable commercial relations. During the Palais Rose debates, for example, it was Schumacher and his eastern expert, Herbert Wehner, who gave the Allies their shrewdest and firmest advice to stand fast against the Russians' efforts for unlimited talks.

"Be firm and patient," Schumacher told me at that time. "The day you Americans are as patient as the Russians the Kremlin will have lost the cold war. And the day you are patient two minutes longer than they, you will have won it."

Two years later, the logic of all-out opposition to Adenauer's predilection for the West—not any softness toward the East as is sometimes charged—had led Schumacher's followers to precisely the opposite conclusions: talks with Russia before any decision on Europeanization. The German electorate was understandably confused—and voted for Adenauer. Now that the Berlin conference has once again demonstrated the futility of talks with the Russians, the Socialists' dilemma is more

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acute than ever: Are they going to stick to the rigid formulas of opposition for opposition's sake, or are they going to acquiesce in realities and strive for a bipartisan foreign policy with Adenauer? This is one of the main issues to be settled by the party congress.

More Socialism or Less?

The other main issue is the economic program of the party and all the paraphernalia that goes with it: Marxism, collectivism, the traditional symbols and slogans of class struggle. When Schumacher reconstituted the party after the war he did so with all the trimmings: the red flags, the slogans of proletarian solidarity, and the anti-capitalist chants. He was, however, shrewd enough to couch his substantive economic platform in fairly vague terms, and as Germany's economic recovery gained speed, he drew back from suggesting any radical nationalization or socialization.

In 1953, the Socialists put forward a very mild program urging the nationalization of only a few basic industries such as iron and coal. Public ownership, they declared, should be resorted to only when private capital is inadequate to the task.

In spite of this moderation in their actual proposals, the Socialists found themselves stuck with their old slogans and symbols. In German eyes, Socialists were inevitably committed to socialization. They flew red banners at rallies like the Russians. Their battle cries called for the solidarity of the working class, which had nothing to lose but its chains. They even addressed each other as "Comrade" just like the Communists!

Back in 1933 when the Socialists were defeated by Hitler, Germany had been plagued by depression, inflation, and acute unemployment. But in 1953 the German economy was flourishing. The average worker was better off than he had ever been. He had much more to lose than chains, and no longer considered himself a proletarian. The index of gross weekly earnings of German workers has risen steadily from 140 in 1949 to about 210 (1938 = 100). At his first opportunity he had bought himself a suit to replace the blue denims. He was now a good burgher and had every intention of making himself a better and richer one.

With unemployment lower than at any time since currency reform in 1948, and employment rising almost uninterruptedly, the German worker felt secure in his job and saw little

reason to increase his contributions for social security. The fact was that the Socialists' major aims had already been achieved. Short of an economic collapse, these aims were secure. To make matters even more difficult for the Socialists, the few reforms that still appeared desirable had been espoused by that cunning old fox Adenauer. Like the Tories in Britain, the Christian Democrats had appropriated as their own many of the programs that the Socialists had considered exclusively theirs as a birthright. For example, when the concept of "planned economy" had been discredited by the Kremlin's application of it, the Socialists hesitantly put forward the idea of a "social-market economy." But before they'd had time to explain what they meant, Adenauer coolly announced that he was backing "social-market economy," leaving the Socialists' economists with windless sails.

Schmid, Heine, Ollenhauer

So the second problem facing the party leaders in Bonn is not so much what substantive programs to sponsor but how to dress them up. Are the old slogans to be retained or are they to be replaced by a New Look? Will a New Look alienate the old party stalwarts? Can intellectuals, shopkeepers, and owners of small enterprises be recruited without discarding the red banner, the "Comrade," and the anti-capitalist songs?

Since the elections two schools of thought have developed within the party. On the Right are the progressive internationalists led by Carlo Schmid and his fellow advocates of "jettisoning the useless ballast of the past." Schmid, an enormous, warmhearted professor from Heidelberg, has never been one to conceal his thoughts, which has frequently got him into hot water with his more disciplined fellow Socialists. Furthermore, his choice of Socialism after the war on purely intellectual grounds tends to separate him from old-timers such as Fritz Heine, leader of the conservative Left, and the old party functionaries who strongly suspect that they and their jobs are the "ballast" Schmid suggests throwing overboard. In between stand the moderate compromisers, led by Party Chairman Erich Ollenhauer, the diminutive, mild-mannered ex-union organizer, who realize that some changes are necessary but deplore the blunt way in which Schmid and others advocate them. "Schmid may be right," they say, "but does he have to alienate the entire party apparatus by his bluntness?"

On the foreign-policy issue, the conservative nationalist Left maintains that it will become obvious soon enough that EDC and a "rump Europe" are unworkable dreams. Some other alternative for European defense must be found, though they become exasperatingly vague when you ask, "What is the alternative?" They can tell you what it isn't: It must not endanger reunification and it must not be contrary to German national interests. But they can't tell you what it is. They will readily concede that the issue as presented in the 1953 election campaign was too intricate for the average voter but vigorously deny that it may have been a little too intricate for most Socialist propagandists as well.

The progressive Right, on the other hand, recognizes the futility of "reunification first." It advocates soft-pedaling the entire foreign-policy issue for the time being and eventually, perhaps, seeking a bipartisan approach with Adenauer. "All we ask," I was told, "is that Adenauer consult with us before making irrevocable foreign-policy decisions." But it takes two to make a bipartisan policy, and one wonders whether Adenauer is prepared to

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take the Socialists off the hook on which they've impaled themselves quite as readily as they hope.

On the economic front, the situation is even more complicated but perhaps offers a wider range of solutions. The conservative Left maintains there will be no great change in party policy in the near future. "We cannot let down our eight million supporters just because we lost one election," they say. "After all, we lost an election to Hitler in 1933, but that hardly proves Hitler was right and we were wrong." Although they would deplore an economic recession, they ask whether Germans can be so sure that the present prosperity will continue. Perhaps when jobs are harder to get, the workers will once again seek the protection of the red S.P.D. banner and will not be so snooty about being addressed as "Comrade." Marxism, the conservative leaders admit, may be dead, but unseemly haste in proclaiming the fact would alienate a whole segment of older followers who adhere to Marx with emotional faith rather than political conviction.

The progressive Right, on the contrary, maintains emphatically that Marxism is dead and urges a speedy burial. The slogans and symbols of half a century ago are outworn and irrelevant. Socialist orators should stop addressing mass audiences as "Comrades," as though they were all members of an oppressed proletariat. The national flag should replace the red banner that has been irreparably compromised by the Bolsheviks. The party apparatus, they add, should be cut down to size and confined to executing policy instead of making it. Today the Socialists' emphasis should be on cheap housing, tax reforms, and similar programs designed to attract the intellectuals and small businessmen as the Socialists in Scandinavia and the Labour Party in Britain have done.

"We cannot ignore the unions," one moderate Socialist explained to me. "But we cannot depend exclusively on them either." When the Socialist and Christian Democratic unions were amalgamated after the war, the Socialists lost direct control over what had been their most important constituency in the Weimar period. Would they now like to break up the combination to regain that control and become an out-and-out labor party? Some old-timers frankly say "Yes." Others are less sure: "We must have more than workers."

One small segment of the progressive Right admits that Marxism is inapplicable to the twentieth century but maintains that the Socialists have failed to analyze twentieth-century conditions as Marx did for the preceding century. If they did so, this school argues, they would soon discover what the defects of twentieth-century society are and could base an appealing and useful Socialist program on remedies. Such an analysis would reveal that the social security for which Marx fought has been won by the workers. However, it would also reveal that spiritual security has been lost in the process. "The factory worker today has perfectly adequate economic security but he is being treated with the paternalistic solicitude that a chicken farmer gives a prize egg-layer. He has special lighting and even music in his shop to make him contented and turn out more work

just as the chicken is persuaded by similar methods to lay more eggs. The only difference between him and the chicken is that when he stops producing he's not converted into soup but pensioned off into an empty old age."

These Socialists argue that it is not sufficient to protect against economic exploitation. "We must protect the workers and all other wage earners against the assaults on their individuality which are being made by the efficiency experts in the name of productivity. We must protect their right to real freedom and liberty in their spare time as well as in the shop so that they can develop as persons and not automatons." These Socialists are generally looked upon as somewhat Utopian and impractical by their colleagues, but they may be pointing out a trend to a new form of Socialism—a form designed to protect the wage earner from the logical consequences of Socialism's past achievements.

As yet there is little indication as to which school will win out at the forthcoming congress: the conservative Left, with its strong hold on the party apparatus, or the progressive Right, with its appeal to newer, younger elements. The Bundestag debates after the Berlin Conference showed the party's foreign-policy position to be as rigid as ever, though perhaps even more vague. On internal issues the latest pronouncement of the party leaders reads like a cautious appeal against sin. The aim of Socialism, it proclaims sententiously, is social justice. Anyone who is for social justice can and should join the party: Marxists, anti-Marxists, non-Marxists, Catholics, Protestants, atheists, workers, and employers. Socialists may continue to address each other as "Comrade," but the national flag will fly beside the party banner at party functions.

But there seems to be one point on which all Socialists seem to agree for different reasons: The party has a long road to travel back to power. One of the progressive Socialists said just a few days ago, "It will take at least two more election defeats before the party is ready to adjust itself to the new situation and stop living in the past." Even the conservative elements see little likelihood, short of a disastrous depression, that the party can gain control of a Government for many years to come. Recently I asked one of the oldest and most progressive party leaders, "You have already spent four long years in Opposition since the war. Can you survive another eight?"

"We were in Opposition from 1871 to 1918," he answered with a confident smile, "and I guess we can do it again."

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Blood Is Cheaper Than Brandy

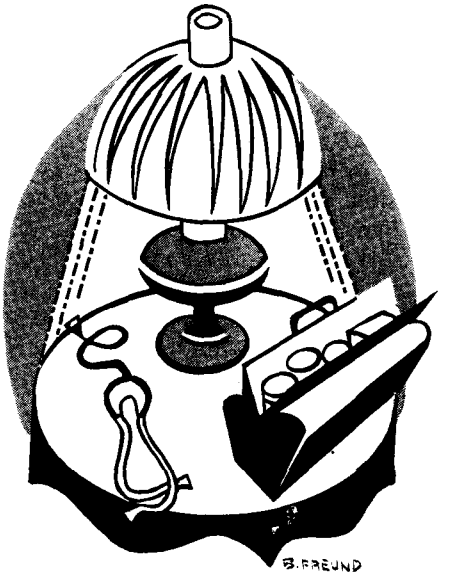
POYNTZ TYLER

HARRY ROSS, an amiable bum of about fifty who lives in the cellar of a Chinese laundry near Abingdon Square in lower Manhattan, has an unusual vocation. He is a professional blood donor. Paradoxically, Mr. Ross prefers to keep his only visible means of support invisible, since no blood bank will accept his merchandise while the puncture from the last sale can still be seen on the inside of his elbow above the cubital vein. The Health Code naïvely stipulates a forty-two-day interval between bleedings, but only an unhealed puncture or a low blood count is considered a trade barrier by Harry or by Bud Williams, his roommate and business associate. They simply hide the scars with cosmetics, keep their hemoglobins above the required eighty-five per cent by eating iron pills like salted peanuts, and play the blood market every two weeks.

"We manufacture blood like Du Pont does paint," says Bud. "And we peddle a very high-class product. We never had jaundice, goiter, malaria, TB, heart trouble, or diabetes. We can't afford no social diseases, and how the hell could you get hay fever in this hole?"

THE HOLE, reached by a precipitous flight of steps from the street, is a small grotto for which they pay the Chinese laundryman fifteen dollars a month. The cozy little flat, choked with fairly good furniture, is marred only by a total absence of daylight and a large pile of egg coal in the bedroom. The coal, provided by the landlord, feeds a stove in the kitchen which supplies heat and hot water for both establishments. Looking after the stove is the responsibility of the tenants and is part of their rent. The furnishings, mainly overstuffed chairs and box springs, are artifacts of a former tenant. "A drunken upholsterer used to have the place," says Harry in explanation of the munificence, "and when his customers couldn't pick up the tab he kept their furniture. When he couldn't pay the rent the Chinaman kept the furniture. When we can't pay the rent he'll probably keep our right arms. They're our only liquid assets."

BY A combination of sporadic work, scavenging, panhandling, and treasure trove, they get enough food



to sustain life and enough fortified wine to make it bearable. But a sum large enough to impress the landlord is hard to come by. So every fortnight, to propitiate their household gods and in flagrant violation of the health regulations, each sells a pint of blood for five or six dollars, less than the cost of most good liqueurs. Immaculate and cold sober for the occasion, they make the business trip together and deliver the proceeds to the landlord together, lest one, alone and affluent, succumb to temptation on the way home. Keeping their sanguinary account straight requires considerable dexterity on the laundryman's abacus, but the Chinaman always rewards their financial integrity with some sound advice and a pint of the grain alcohol he uses to heat his irons. They file the advice and use the alcohol to spike a jug of claret—held in donor circles to have a therapeutic effect on the blood stream.

Bud and Harry are not typical professional blood donors. Many are working men and women who consider it a painless way to pick up extra cash. They know their health won't be impaired—the most learned medicos advocated phlebotomy as a cure-all until fairly recently, and the best medical brains out of jail in Russia used leeches on Stalin—and they pride themselves that they are helping to meet an urgent need.

There are only four basic blood types: O, A, B, and AB. But the ten Rh combinations multiply this to forty, and if certain other important blood factors are taken into account, there are 360 types in all. The rarest type, which courses through the veins of only one out of ten million people, is A_2, B_1, N_1, P negative Rh prime, Rh double prime, and its owners are invariably snobs.

A Balanced Diet

The Red Cross blood program gets few alcoholics, but the commercial banks are plagued with them. The craving for five dollars' worth of oblivion brings donors whose blood would probably give the recipient delirium tremens. Drunks, people with tropical diseases who vehement-

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ly deny ever having been south of Perth Amboy, cardiac cases who claim their symptoms are simply the temporary signs of overwork, Negroes who interpret a low hemoglobin report as racial bias, and indiscreet repeaters make life so hectic for the bank personnel that Harry and Bud are welcome visitors. They are momentarily clean and reasonably healthy, and although the examining doctor generally harbors a suspicion that they are being tapped too often, their blood is known to be free of transmittable diseases.

While selling blood barely outranks bird watching in financial returns, Bud and Harry have too much at stake to risk their earning power with any dietary foolishness—other, that is, than claret and grain alcohol. Neither ever saw the inside of a high school, but they have combined native intelligence with a sporadic accumulation of knowledge gained in public libraries on rainy days to formulate a cheap diet that allows them to ply their trade in reasonable security. The entreé is usually some kind of viscera, with beef kidneys and lamb liver leading in popularity and value. Other staples are cabbage, kale, root vegetables, potatoes, macaroni, rice, toasted day-old bread, and a generous helping of the iron pills that are dispensed freely by all blood banks. Coffee is often scarce or indifferent, but tobacco, in the form of butts, is plentiful. These are gleaned around subway entrances and bus stops, both fertile fields, and smoked whole or in pipes.

Most of their supplies are bought in chain supermarkets, and while shopping they will sometimes violate their own rule against larceny by having lunch on the house. Their method, while not undetectable, is practically unprovable. It consists of dining directly from the shelves, so that the checker would need a stomach pump to produce the corpus delicti. Cold cuts, cheese, rolls, candy, and fruit are the usual luncheon snacks on these occasions, and beer is the favorite beverage because the empty bottles can be turned in for what the management believes to be a refund.

BLEEDING, or rent, days are set in advance to allow time for tapering off the *vino,* and the market is carefully cased. Including hospitals, which buy for their own needs only, there are over twenty-five blood banks in New York City, but Harry and Bud confine their patronage to a favored ten where they are well known and even slightly pampered. Weather conditions affect the choice, and care must be taken they aren't "overdrawn" (under the forty-two-day limit) at the selected "branch." They try to allow three months between visits, but this rule is often abrogated for a few choice spots. One hospital is especially esteemed because it not only pays an extra four bits to compensate for its inconvenient location but paints the lily with a generous slug of whiskey. The big commercial outfits, with their more cursory physical examinations,

are held in reserve against the days when hemoglobins are suspected of being low. One large bank, known to the profession as "The Abattoir," is visited with reluctance and only when the Chinaman appears restive.

"It's strictly from hunger," Harry says, "but it's easy to make a sale once you get past an old hag who crawls out from under the linoleum every now and then to pull her rank."

"I figure her a frustrated nympho," explains Bud, whose brief tour of matrimony made him an authority on the behavior of the human female. "She could be saved by the love of a good man, but she's strictly in restraint of trade at the moment. Me and Harry and some bums will be standing there beating our gums and she comes storming out for inspection like a top sergeant. She picks a couple of the best-looking stiffs in the line—present company excepted, naturally—and gives them the old heave because they need a shave or their hair ain't combed."

Once past this obstacle, Harry claims they could peddle tomato catchup if not deterred by professional ethics. "You pass along this counter," he says, "and give your life history and your identification to a babe and she hands you a card. This card tells the doctor exactly what you just told the babe—and it also has a liability release. So you sign it and hand it to another babe who checks to see if you're jumping the gun. Then you hand it to the babe who takes your blood count. She sticks a needle in your pinky and collects a few drops of blood—sort of a free sample—and drops it into a whiskey glass full of copper sulphate solution. If it floats you're anemic and she ties the can on you right there."

"All these babes," Bud breaks in, "act like they are strictly from Vassar—and there ain't one couldn't use a transfusion herself."

"If it sinks," Harry continues, "it means your blood is heavier than the solution in the glass, so you're O.K. and she marks your card with a black pencil. But if it only sinks a little, and then bobbles around like it can't makes up its mind, it shows you're a borderline case. So she marks your card with a red pencil. That means the doc is supposed to test it again to make sure, so you stay in line—but the doc always comes up with the same score."

"The same score with everyone but us, that is," Bud interrupts again, "because old Harry here spots the hole in the gimmick right off. So if one of us gets the red hook, we just change cards until we pass the doc. Then we switch back."

"Nothing to it," Harry says modestly, "but it gets us both by, and the way we work it, they don't get all balled up in their typing records. Soon as the doc tests the guy with the red mark, his blood plunks to the bottom like buckshot. So the doc figures the babe outside with the needle is nuts. He may be right.

"The doc is O.K. He takes your blood pressure and tests your heart and asks if you're pure in mind and body. If your ticker's O.K. he congratulates you as if you'd made it yourself. If it's jumpy he says you'd better take it easy at the office or get off to Bermuda for a week or so.

"Once you pass the doc you're all set for your dough, but jeeze, boy,

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you earn it. The doc sends you out into sort of a hallway that's so jammed with lugs it looks like the Jerome Avenue Express. Everybody telling the next guy what a big shot he is. Or what a big shot he used to be. Or what a big shot his brother is. Me and Bud don't say nothing and we could probably buy the whole bunch. At retail.

"It takes over an hour to work your way down that hall. Standing up and no smokes. Then when you finally get to the butcher shop you're lying there with a big needle in your arm and your arm sticking out in the aisle. And the joint's so crowded everybody goes by bumps your arm. Jeeze, by the time you're finally through, you need your blood back."

Pride of Craft

To some donors the five or six dollars for a pint of blood is the payment on the family's health insurance. To others it's a night's lodging, some new soles, the first meal in days, a quart of rye. To Harry and Bud it's dignity.

Without it they would be homeless bums. With it they are bums in residence. To eat they collect bottles, shovel snow, deliver packages, wash cars, or peddle the early tabloids. To drink they beg. Neither will ever do any better, and when their blood streams balk or someone perfects artificial plasma, they will do worse. But right now they are grateful—and a little proud.

"How else," Harry inquires, "could bums like us help anybody? They can't brew blood like it was beer. But me and Bud are blood factories. A guy's all busted up he don't give a damn where the stuff comes from. It could be his brother or his wife or his priest or me."

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Conversations on Music

II. The Persistent Echo

GODDARD LIEBERSON

I BELIEVE that in even the most complicated music of our times there is an echo of the first musical sound ever made by man, whether it was the sounding of a cave or a cry of guttural glee. This is not said facetiously as an indictment of contemporary music; I mean something quite different: that the history of music has been a continual flow of sound. No composer has ever stood alone, uninfluenced and unshaped by the sounds he has heard in his life, and it has always been so back into the beginnings of time.

One must stand upon a hill to see a view, and in music it is a hill of time that provides the necessary perspective. To each new generation each new sound by each new composer seems to be unconnected with history. But given time, one recognizes Mozart in Chopin, Haydn in Beethoven, Beethoven in Wagner, Schubert in Brahms, or Chabrier in Debussy. In our own day, many audiences are shocked by the sounds of new compositions. They shake their heads like angry bulls and exclaim, "This is not music; this is noise!" They are wrong. Music it certainly is: thought out, orchestrated, composed. Whether it is good music or not is a different matter. But good or bad it is connected with the past, whether that be immediately apparent or not.

MUSIC IS perhaps a scientific art, but it is primarily an art. For one period in history—during the high civilization of ancient Greek culture—music stood close by the side of science. According to the greatest musicologist of antiquity, Aristoxenos of Tarentum, the followers of the mathematical philosopher Pythagoras used music to purge the soul even as they used herbs to purge the body. And Plato, deeply influenced by the mathematical regularities that the Pythagoreans had discovered in musical intervals, concluded, since mathematics is also connected with astronomy, that there was perhaps music in astronomy, which led him to his conception of the harmony of the heavens or the harmony of the world soul. Thus, despite its initial relationship with science, music was quickly elevated to the area of philosophical thought. For music, in spite of its mathematical nature, is essentially a thing of the sensibilities, a language that speaks to our emotions —our souls, if you will—rather than to our minds.

Those who speak constantly of music "developing" are forgetful of this fact. They seem to think of music as a science, always changing for the better, since the word "developing" suggests improvement. I believe it is a mistake to think that music *develops* as do mathematics and physics. A good part of the charm of music resides in its limitations and what can be done within those limitations. Music does change constantly, but not necessarily for the better or for the worse. It merely becomes different. Beethoven is different from Bach, not better. Yet how many books on music suggest that Beethoven's music represents a "development" over what went before. Perhaps it seems to be a development because, in time, we are on this side of Beethoven.

What position would Beethoven's music hold if it were possible to reverse the history of music? Think of music history backwards and you will see what I mean. Suppose that Bartók, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky were the earliest known composers; then came Debussy, Ravel, Tchaikovsky, Wagner, Brahms, Beethoven, Mozart, and Bach. Let's stop with Bach, and assume he is the present-day composer.

If this were the case, I think that the word "development" would still be used by those who now employ it. Their music history would perhaps go something like this: In the distant past, there was the complicated music of Bartók, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky. The path upward began with the simplifications of harmonies introduced by Debussy and Ravel. Tchaikovsky introduced a note of rich romanticism that was somewhat curbed by Brahms. However, Richard Wagner went still further with the full use of chromaticism. As a reaction against that, Beethoven founded a school of solid diatonic harmonization in which he was followed by Mozart and Haydn. And today, finally, we have developed to a great peak of purity in the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. So the backward history would run, and as good a case for "development" could be made in the reverse.

Music history, it is true, does experience periods in which one great creative personality dominates the scene. This is the case in all of the arts: The impact of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey discouraged other Greek poets from competing, just as Michelangelo and Raphael created a kind of artistic desert in their time. But such genius would have manifested itself in any age within the style of the age. Bach, living today, would undoubtedly be a great composer, but not greater than he was in the eighteenth century.

BUT MORE important than these speculations is our consideration of the persistent echo. How persistent that echo is can be illustrated in the survival of folk music, the constant source of inspiration to composers in every generation. Even such men as Dvorák, Smetana, Grieg, and Moussorgsky, who used native folk tunes in the name of nationalism, were dipping into a remote past which knew no national boundaries. For folk music is the best of all examples of the continuing flow of music and a continual interchange of ideas with sometimes startling results. One of these results may be observed in the case of a tune that all of us consider, if not American, at least completely Anglo-Saxon. I speak of "Yankee Doodle." That little tune has been traced to twenty-two countries, including Romania and Bulgaria. The echo is a powerful one, and it will not cease as long as music continues to be remembered, composed, and performed.

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O Scared Old World, That Has Such Robots In't!

KARL MEYER

A COUNTRY that never existed has been completely destroyed. In spite of the fact that it once was a stanch ally of the West, its destruction has yet to elicit a comment from the press. The country is Utopia, whose fictional omnipresence not so long ago was a vivid symbol of western man's faith in himself and his future.

Utopia is no more. Its disappearance is portentous enough, but an even more sinister phenomenon has been its replacement with a new kind of imaginative society which, instead of evolving the possibilities of earthly bliss, serves only as a lens through which every barbarity of our age is magnified.

Indeed, the concept of a malignant future is so new to our thinking that we do not even have a word to describe what Max Eastman has called the "inverse Utopia." Perhaps "Futopia" would be appropriate.

All Hope Abandon . . .

The boundaries of Futopia are clearly marked in five novels that have been published recently. While each author's Futopia abounds in technical marvels, the fruits of science only underscore the irony of the self-defeat of man's aspirations. All are closed societies; for the nonconformist, in Sartre's phrase, there is no exit.

This despairing vision is vividly exemplified by the most recent and most publicized of the new Futopias, David Karp's *One*. The theme is the annihilation of the individuality of an obscure professor who is guilty of nourishing heretical notions of self-importance. He is haled before the Department of Internal Examination, and his old identity, in the words of his inquisitor, is "pulverized." He is clothed with a completely new personality to excise the heresy. However, it remains; even in his new life as a clerk, signs of vanity still peep through. In the end, he is destroyed as a menace to the state.

In *One*, violence and barbarity are hidden beneath a façade of benevolent paternalism; in another Futopia, the barbarism is thrust into open view. Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* pictures a Futopia where firemen no longer put out fires but rather start them—to burn books (451 degrees is the temperature at which paper burns). Ownership of any book is forbidden, on the plausible theory that books stimulate dissatisfaction and critical thinking. As a substitute for books, the civilization is infected with wall-size TV, earplug radios, and narcotizing soap operas. The hero, a fireman, rebels, is caught owning books, and escapes shortly before an atomic raid levels his country.

ATOMIC warfare is also an ingredient of the most grisly of the new Futopias, Bernard Wolfe's *Limbo*. In the world of 1990—shortly after the Third World War—a citizen's social status is determined by his number of missing limbs. Voluntary amputation is encouraged by such slogans as "He Who Has Arms Is Armed," "Make Disarmament Last," "Arms or the Man." The goal is to stifle aggressive impulses; the chief debate is whether artificial limbs circumvent the "disarmament" code. One extremist faction practices total amputation (including castration) in order to achieve "total immobilization." This Futopia's streets are

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lined with these "quadra-amps" nesting in baskets, who proselyte pedestrians in high-pitched voices. Yet amputation proves futile; the book closes amid another global war.

Less repulsive, though scarcely more optimistic, is Kurt Vonnegut's *Player Piano*. This Futopia relies more on vacuum tubes than on surgery, and is devoted to the principle that the "average" man is obsolete. Society is stratified on the basis of intelligence quotient (each citizen's I.Q. is filed for public inspection). I.B.M. machines dictate which persons shall go to college and become engineers—the elite. Since machinery has displaced manual labor, the bulk of the population broods in idleness and frustration—sometimes doing "made work" to leaven their boredom. Rebellion finally breaks out, but is quickly smothered by the machines who are like men and the men who are like machines.

But the most dismal of the new Futopias is *The Space Merchants*, by Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth. Here we are confronted with a world dominated by advertising agencies, in which the Consumer (the lowest rank in the hierarchy) is manipulated like warm butter. The one hopeful note in this appalling Futopia is that the underground opposition, the "Consies" (*i.e.*, conservationists), manage to escape on a space rocket bound for Venus.

IN EACH of these Futopias, one theme recurs like a savage drumbeat: the plight of the individual. Society, in each of them, is nothing less than an organized plot to stifle individuality, to press each personality in an iron matrix of conformity. Between the destructive arts of technology and the manipulative arts of propaganda, the individual is tossed like a hapless cork on an ocean of unfathomable cruelty.

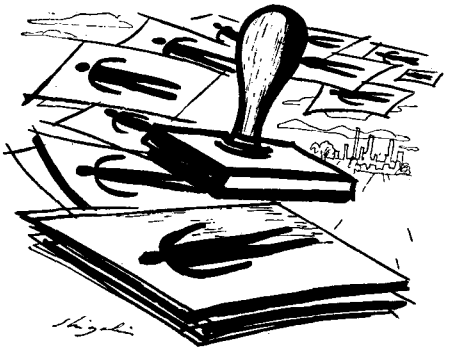
It would be superficial and inaccurate to dismiss these books as cold-war polemics. The vision of Futopia is not bounded by simple political stereotypes; instead the net is cast over the wider target of industrialism, with its standardization, and the blending of social science and mass media, with its manipulation. The roots of Futopia are deeper than anti-Communism; they reach back, ultimately, to the nineteenth century.

When Edward Bellamy, in 1887, wrote *Looking Backward*, the very archetype of traditional Utopianism, enthusiasm for his vision exceeded his fondest hopes. Half a million copies of the book sold within a year; Nationalist Clubs, dedicated to hurrying in the Golden Age by nationalizing business, sprang up. Between 1888 and 1900, no fewer than forty Utopian novels poured from the presses—many of them directly inspired by Bellamy. Utopia had gone a long way since Sir Thomas More first coined the term in 1516; to countless dreamers, the ideal society was just around the corner.

Indeed, Theodor Hertzka, an Austrian economist who wrote *Freeland* in 1890, was planning a colonizing venture to put his theories into practice. Eugene Debs and other Socialists were attempting the same feat in America in 1897. As the nineteenth century closed, millions echoed the fervent hope of Bellamy, who silenced skeptics by saying, "Our children will live to see it."

The Best-laid Plans . . .

In many respects, H. G. Wells typified this Utopian tradition. Humanist, scientist, and socialist, Wells wrote the classic *A Modern Utopia* in 1905 and continued the tradition in the appropriately titled *The World Set Free* (1914) and *Men Like Gods* (1923). But, some time after the "war



to end wars" (it was Wells, significantly, who had coined the phrase), the vision palled, and Wells, the lifelong Utopian, despaired of man. In his last book, *The Mind at the End of Its Tether* (1946), he concluded bitterly: "The end of everything we call life is close at hand and cannot be evaded." What had happened to Utopia? What events mark the immeasurable distance between Bellamy in 1888 and Wells in 1946?

In a sense, the event that destroyed Utopia was its very realization. This statement is not as paradoxical as it may sound. If traditional Utopianism is drained to its fundamentals, the very keystone of Utopia is total planning. Through planning, argued Bellamy, an economy of abundance would replace the squalor of the laissez-faire world of 1887. Further, total planning would enable each individual to reach his maximum development.

The argument was plausible in the planless wastes of nineteenth-century capitalism. Since large-scale scientific planning had never been attempted in an industrial society, there was no experience to draw upon; Bellamy's Utopia was like an exercise in deductive metaphysics.

Bellamy never lived to see the Russian Revolution—but H. G. Wells did. In his *Experiment in Autobiography* (1934) he recorded his reactions shortly after his second trip to the Soviet Union: ". . . I felt that Russia had let me down, whereas I suppose the truth of what has happened is that I had allowed my sanguine and impatient temperament to anticipate understandings and lucidities that cannot arrive for many years. . . . I had started out to find a short cut [to Utopia] and discovered that . . . there is no short cut . . ."

The magic formula of traditional Utopianism, upon its realization, raised new questions and left old ones unsettled. As the implications of planning, mass media, and industrialism became clearer, it was a Russian, appropriately, who wrote the first Futopian novel. Eugene Zamiatin, a veteran Bolshevik and respected Soviet writer, pondered the threat to individuality implicit in the planned industrial society and set his musings down in a short novel entitled *We* in 1920. Although its satire was too sharp for Russian consumption, overseas publication was permitted, and an English translation appeared in 1924.

We is an amazing book. Zamiatin anticipated almost every fear that later Futopians were to dwell upon. The hero, a nameless Number (as citizens of his Futopia are known) called D-503, lives in the perfectly planned state. The daily routine of every Number is regulated by a Table

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of Hours; all Numbers arise, eat, work, and play by the same schedule —and are allowed one scant hour a day in which they can pull the blinds in their transparent apartments. Yet the benevolent Guardian class is not without worries; occasionally "fancy" seizes the mind of a wayward Number. Finally the Guardians perfect an operation for removing "fancy" completely; the event is announced in words worthy of quotation:

REJOICE!
For from now on we are *perfect!* Before today your own creation, engines, were more perfect than you.

WHY?
For every spark from a dynamo—is a spark of pure reason; each motion of a piston—a pure syllogism. . . . The beauty of a mechanism lies in its immutable, precise rhythm, like that of a pendulum. But have you not become as precise as a pendulum, you who are brought up on the system of Taylor?

Yes, but there is a difference:

MECHANISMS HAVE NO FANCY
Did you ever notice a pump cylinder during its work show upon its face a wide, distant, sensuously-dreaming smile? . . .

NO!
Yet on your faces (you may well blush with shame!) the Guardians have seen more and more frequently those smiles and they have heard your sighs. . . .

It is not your fault; you are ill. And the name of your illness is

FANCY
. . . It is the last barricade on our road to happiness.

Rejoice! This Barricade Has Been Blasted at Last! The Road Is Open! The latest discovery of our State science is that there is a centre for fancy—a miserable little nervous knot in the lower region of the frontal lobe of the brain. A triple treatment of this knot with X-rays will cure you of fancy—

FOREVER!
You are perfect; you are mechanized; the road to hundred per-cent happiness is open! Hasten then all of you, young and old, hasten to undergo the Great Operation! . . . Long live the Well-Doer!

BEFORE the brains of all Numbers are irradicably washed, an abortive revolt breaks out. The book closes on the march of Numbers to the Great Operation as the rebel leader is publicly liquidated. (The fate of Zamiatin provides an ironic footnote. In 1929 he was accused of "unbelief and nonacceptance of the social revolution," with the case largely resting on *We*. The author found sanctuary in Paris.)

A FUTOPIAN BOOKSHELF

WE, by Eugene Zamiatin, tr. by Gregory Zilboorg. *Dutton* (1924).

BRAVE NEW WORLD, by Aldous Huxley. *Harper* (1932); *Bantam*.

WALDEN TWO, by B. F. Skinner. *Macmillan* (1948).

1984, by George Orwell. *Harcourt, Brace* (1949); *New American Library*.

PLAYER PIANO, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. *Scribner* (1952).

LIMBO, by Bernard Wolfe. *Random House* (1952).

THE SPACE MERCHANTS, by Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth. *Ballantine* (1953).

ONE, by David Karp. *Vanguard* (1953).

FAHRENHEIT 451, by Ray Bradbury. *Ballantine* (1953).

Wells, Huxley, Orwell

To a large extent, subsequent Futopian novels are only an elaboration of *We*. The regimentation of individuals, the rule of a mysterious elite, the tyranny of science, the closing of all escapes – all these themes are staples for later Futopias. In terms of emphasis, however, there is an important exception: If one aspect of Futopia was unveiled in Soviet planning, a second was realized in the technological opulence of America. Traditional Utopians such as Bellamy and Wells founded their hopes on the living standards that science would bring. Yet, as H. G. Wells confessed in 1942:

"These new powers, inventions, contrivances and methods, are not the unqualified enrichment of normal life that we had expected. They are hurting, injuring and frustrating us increasingly. . . . We are only beginning to realize that the cornucopia of innovation may perhaps prove far more dangerous than benevolent."

Aldous Huxley pioneered in making Futopian mockery of the material and spiritual promise of applied science. In *Brave New World* (1932) the target is not Russia so much as America; the villain is not Marx but Henry Ford. If *Looking Backward* prophesied the radio, *Brave New World* adumbrates the "feely," a form of movies now only a dimension away. The prosperity made possible by science corrupts and imprisons instead of liberating. *Brave New World* is in one sense a caricature of a consumption-oriented society whose values are found, say, in *New Yorker* advertisements. As one character explains, "You can't have a lasting civilization without plenty of pleasant vices." The only victim is humanity, represented by Savage, who hangs himself to escape Huxley's neon wonderland.

With new barbarism emerging from the Second World War, the Futopian gloom deepened. Huxley direly predicted, "The horror may be upon us within a single century." And George Orwell moved the date to 1984 and reached the ultimate in perverting traditional Utopianism with his savage portrait of a society like "a boot stamping on the human face—forever."

So perished Utopia; the iconoclasts had trampled old banners beyond repair. The lesson is clear: Science and abundance are not only instruments of liberation but of enslavement; conformity can be as dehumanizing as poverty. We are, thanks to the Futopians, a less starry-eyed race.

And yet at what cost? Traditionally, the tension between the existing and the ideal was one of the vital springs of creativity in the western world. The promise of a just future was a potent means of attacking an immoral present. Will we ever again feel as H. G. Wells once felt? "I saw," he wrote, "a limitless universe throughout which the stars and nebulae were scattering like dust, and I saw life ascending, as it seemed, from nothingness towards the stars."

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The Open Mind And the Closed Border

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

THE MIGRATION OF IDEAS, by Gilbert Highet. *Oxford University Press. $2.*

HALF A CENTURY ago Henry Adams proposed that teachers of history inaugurate their courses of lectures with the confident announcement that history is a clock that has run down, and that the story of mankind is the story of inevitable decline into stagnation and death. Professor Highet, who tells us that he has derived much from Arnold Toynbee, proposes the very opposite interpretation—history as a record of progress through teaching, history as the movement of ideas from group to group and from age to age.

Where Adams was sure that the sequence of time and of thought led only to chaos ("supersensual chaos," just to make sure of it), Mr. Highet is confident that it vindicates reason and creates what we know as civilization: "To consider the movement of thought throughout the world is, in a way, like making a new map, in which we can see distant countries connected by invisible tides, intellectual currents moving by strange paths around the whole globe and uniting the manifold minds of men into something like a single, mighty, superhuman Reason. It is as though the earth were thinking."

The Migration of Ideas is a small book on a very great theme. Small as it is, it is worthy of that theme. How does civilization spread? How do ideas catch on from group to group, from generation to generation? What are the functions of conquest, of conscious borrowing, of contagion, of necessity, of other methods of migration or diffusion of ideas and inventions and techniques? Mr. Highet suggests possible answers to these fundamental and difficult questions by drawing on the most varied chapters of history.

There is, of course, the classic example of the conquest of Rome by Greece—an example that illustrates not only the processes of borrowing but of adaptation. For "The Greeks produced philosophers; the Romans produced statesmen, who had learned from the Greeks to be philosophers too, and therefore greater statesmen. The Greeks developed oratory; the Romans put ethic and social content into it. The Greeks worked out exquisite lyrical meters and filled them with delicate

feeling. The Romans took over the form, deepened the feeling, and added profounder thought."

But this is a familiar lesson, and deceptively easy. Less familiar—and more puzzling—is the attempt of Japan to make itself over, first in the image of China, then, in the late nineteenth century, in the image of that West it hoped to rival. This was a borrowing by official decree, a cultural revolution from above; it changed the material conditions of life, but we have yet to see how deeply it changed the character of the people. A comparable attempt by Peter the Great left Russia more eastern than western; we have yet to see whether the official cultural revolution in Turkey will have permanent consequences.

The American Way

These are conscious cultural borrowings. More elusive, but no less important, are the unconscious ones—the spread of plants, of farming techniques, of tools and machines; the spread of religious ideas—from Judaea outward through the Mediterranean and northward, and westward into the wilds of the New World until the Indians of the two Americas came to worship a Jewish Saviour; the spread of standards and techniques of art, of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, by example and by imitation and even by accident.

Perhaps the most remarkable example of cultural borrowing and assimilation is the most familiar: America. Those who came to the New World borrowed heavily from the native races even as they sought to exterminate them; they borrowed in turn from the Old World. None were more assiduous here than the people of the United States, or more eclectic. Cultural borrowing had been a commonplace in the Age of the Enlightenment, as men and ideas and tools and inventions moved freely from country to country, but the rise of competitive nationalism interposed first embarrassments, then barriers to such cultural interchange and interdependence.

This the United States largely escaped. Where other self-conscious nations turned inward, turned to their own past, cultivated their own language and literature and folklore, their own traditional law, their own form of religion, their own educational schemes, their own social and economic interests, Americans felt free to draw almost impartially upon the peoples of the Old World—to draw the peoples themselves, to draw art from Italy, science from England and Scotland, education from Germany, as they wished. It is a story Mr. Highet does not attempt to tell in the limited space at his disposal; it is one that might well command more attention than it has received.

And this for a very urgent reason. We are witnessing now, almost everywhere, a development at best paradoxical, at worst suicidal. A generation that talks of One World is busy fragmenting the world into ever smaller parts. A generation that avows faith in education and the spread of science and learning by governmental activity is suspicious of all missionary activity, of all

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propaganda, of all colonialism or imperialism. A generation that for the first time commands the scientific and technical tools for diffusing culture throughout the globe lacks the political or perhaps the moral competence to perform the task. We have the engineers, the doctors, the biologists, the agronomists, the artists, the scholars; we have the money and the machinery; we have even, in a curious way, the good will. What we lack—and the "we" obviously embraces the whole of mankind, not just one segment of it or one group of nations—is statesmanship.

Our own record is a contradictory one. No nation, no people, has a better record of support to the diffusion of ideas, of cultural interchange. Through the great foundations, through the State Department, through private generosity and philanthropy, through the ordinary techniques of the Army or of Marshall aid, we carry on ambitious, determined, almost convulsive campaigns to spread civilization as we know it. But at the same time there is a determined and almost convulsive effort to put up barriers, to prevent the emigration or the immigration of ideas, persons, and books that somebody may think dangerous, to re-create the cultural isolationism of nineteenth-century Europe.

In the long run all such attempts to put up barriers to ideas are bound to fail, for as Homer said, "Words, winged words, they fly around the earth." But in the short run this attempt may do immeasurable harm, may lead to ignorance, distortion, suspicion, misunderstanding, misery, and destruction. We should keep ever in mind Mr. Highet's conclusion:

"A period of high civilization is one in which thoughts fly freely from mind to mind, from one country to another—yes, and from the past into the present. A barbarous epoch, a barbarous country, is one that attempts to paralyze communication, to keep ideas locked up, to treat thoughts as magic. . . . A sign of barbarism is the closed mind, which refuses to take in ideas from 'foreigners' and will not accept a thought derived from the past."

BOOK NOTES

TYPHOON IN TOKYO, by Harry Emerson Wildes. *Macmillan. $4.50.*

VICTORY in Europe caused General Eisenhower to turn to that section of the Army Field Manual which contains suggestions for governing a conquered country. A few months later when Japan was defeated, General of the Armies Douglas MacArthur disdained such procedure. He disdained too, four thousand carefully selected officers, taught to speak the Japanese language and trained for specific occupation jobs, who were in the Civil Affairs staging area. Instead, he relied more on his wartime staff.

Rule by interpreter is at best cumbersome. In Japan it prevented the occupation forces from getting a clear understanding of the problems and the psychology of the people with whom they had to deal.

Typhoon in Tokyo is much more than a criticism of General MacArthur. It is the factual and fascinating story of the occupation and its aftermath, the story of a defeated nation and its struggle toward democracy. Dr. Wildes has a knowledge of his subject spanning three decades. He lived and taught in Tokyo before the war. After Pearl Harbor he served as regional specialist on Japan for the Office of War Information and served in the Government Section of the occupation until the peace treaty was drawn up in 1951.

There is the frightening aspect of the growth of Communism during the postwar years, a growth fostered, though unconsciously, by the high-handedness of the military. The fact that Communism failed to become deeply entrenched is due more to its own overzealousness than to the success of our propaganda in teaching the virtues of democracy.

W. Macmahon Ball, British Commonwealth member of the Allied Council for Japan, is cited as saying that the real fault of the occupation was not that it accomplished so little but that it claimed so much. Reports were always written so that they showed only favorable results and never hinted at failures, however minor. Criticisms from various departments were deleted from the summaries of progress which were as close as the higher echelons ever came to facts.

Intermingled with the denunciation of the way the job was done are hundreds of interesting facts about the Japanese people, their lives, their politics, and their philosophy. There

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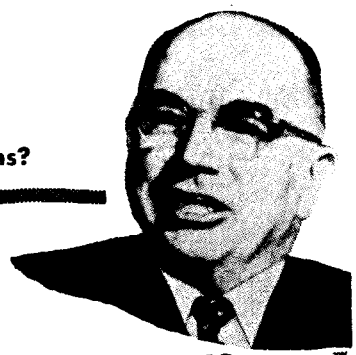

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is the story of the relatively long road they have traveled in less than a decade to approach a democratic way of life, to improve agriculture, to construct more adequate housing, to practice preventive medicine, to rout out corruption, to regain self-respect, and to strive for a place among the free nations of the world.

The measure of success that was achieved is neither entirely because of or in spite of the occupation. "Credit for the success of the Occupation," concludes Dr. Wildes, "in short, belongs to two groups whose praise the leaders seldom sang. The first group was the devoted middle brass, working without adequate direction, often under the implied disapproval of their superiors and—as far as much direct help was concerned—in direct violation of Occupation orders. The second group was an amazingly cooperative Japanese populace. Together they achieved a Renaissance which, while not unique in history, ranks with the major American accomplishments."

In spite of whatever personal prejudices are reflected, *Typhoon in Tokyo* emphasizes this nation's ability to come out on top no matter what inadequacies its leaders show. As Dr. Wildes points out: "God loves Americans, and probably the Oriental gods love Japanese, else the Allied Occupation of Japan could never have succeeded."

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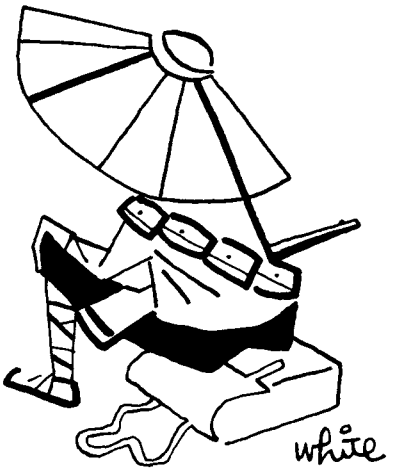
THE STRUGGLE FOR INDO-CHINA, by Ellen J. Hammer. Published under the auspices of the Institute of Pacific Relations. *Stanford University Press. $5.*

ONE OF THE continuing paradoxes of American life is the range and depth of American scholarship on the Far East—probably unmatched by that of any other country—and the complete repudiation of that scholarship in the processes by which decisions on national policy are made.

Ellen J. Hammer's study of the Indo-China war will probably underscore that paradox. This book could not have appeared at a more timely moment. It is a solid and readable account of just what has happened in the world's most troubling plot of ground from the moment the Japanese Empire collapsed in 1945 to the spring of 1954. With sound instinct, believing that the shape of today's problems is not always defined by today's headlines, Dr. Hammer takes the reader back to the murky, complex origins of the war, to an informative description of French colonial policy, to the history and traditions of the people who are in revolt against those policies, and finally to the direct involvement of Americans in that revolt.



If a new policy is now to be found to salvage anything at all for the western world in Indo-China, it must be sought far more in political than in military terms. To the understanding that must precede this quest, Dr. Hammer's excellent book is a unique and invaluable contribution.

One's only regret is that an index, so necessary in a study of this kind, has not been provided.

•

AS IT HAPPENED: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CLEMENT R. ATTLEE. *The Viking Press. $5.*

CLEMENT ATTLEE very wisely confines to the House of Commons his competition with Aneurin Bevan and with Sir Winston Churchill. Lacking Churchill's gift for dramatic prose and Bevan's desire to become chief dialectician of the Labour Party, Attlee simply tells—"as it happened"—the story of his activities as barrister, teacher, journalist, social worker, soldier, municipal councillor, civil servant, Deputy Prime Minister in the wartime coalition Government, and postwar Prime Minister.

As a literary effort, the book lacks distinction. As a contribution to history, it suffers from allusiveness, for the author unjustifiably assumes on the part of the reader an extensive familiarity with British politics. Apart from some quotations from Attlee's speeches, there is no formal Socialist philosophy. There is little "inside story" of what produced great decisions and even less discussion of his own and his colleagues' feelings. But there is a surprisingly good portrait of an honest, principled, devoted, extremely able man who has served with pleasure and pride "in a state of life to which I had never expected to be called."

TO AN American reader, what is most striking is the picture it presents of an enormously popular politician who is not primarily a politician. A competent organizer of men and of votes, he is not the kind of leader who just pushes the buttons that make the machine go. For example, when war and its aftermath demanded more efficient machinery of government, he had enough imagination as an administrator to see the need for a smaller Cabinet. While he could and did attract to positions of party leadership men of outstanding competence, he did not become completely dependent upon the expertise of others. He is the kind of man who has felt impelled to learn at first hand the stuff of every job he has ever done.

Referring to his appointment by Ramsay MacDonald in 1927 to a commission to make recommendations for future constitutional developments in India, he says characteristically, "I agreed to serve and set myself to learn all I could about India. Hitherto I had not taken any special interest in the problem, and my knowledge was only that of the ordinary educated man." His discovery of principle by learning the facts started when he became a Socialist as a result of his experiences as a social worker in London's East End.

Attlee emerges from his story as a man whose energy and intelligence carried him to the highest places, but who still regards each episode in his career not as a step up a ladder but as a job to be done as thoroughly and as well as possible for its own sake.

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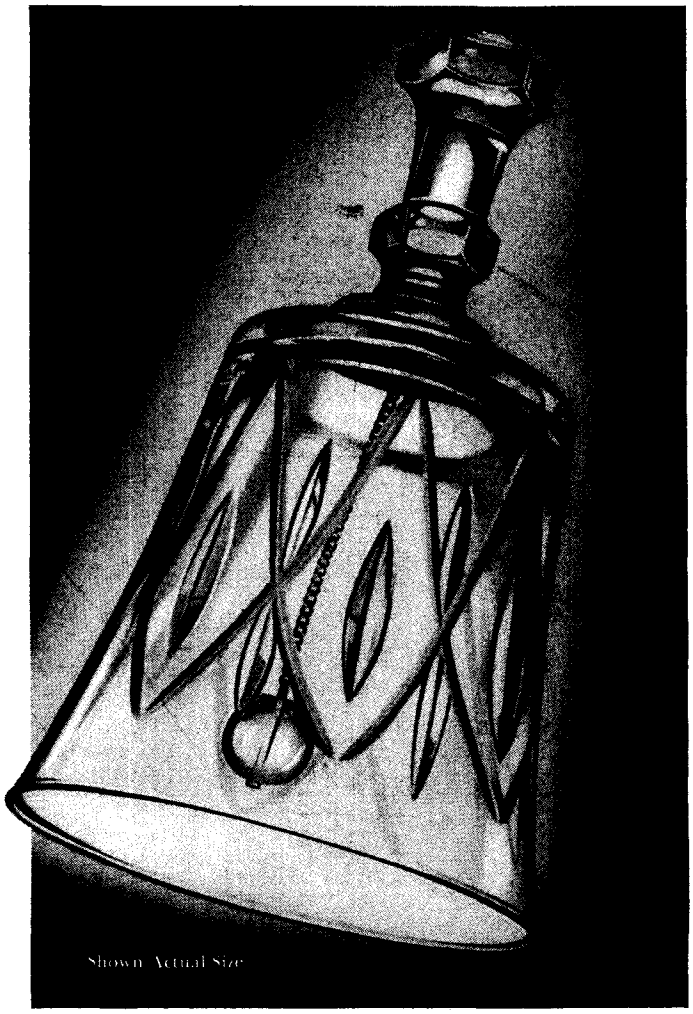

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